

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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*In this
Issue*
**WINTER
COOKERY
BOOK**





A MEMBER of Women's Emergency Signalling Corps signalled the alphabet in semaphore for the pictures on this page.



GIRL SIGNALLERS WILL HELP

Training to take over Australia's telegraphs and cables in wartime

All over Australia girls are learning flag signalling in semaphore and Morse, and the more difficult work of telegraphic signalling, to equip them for emergency war service.

Organisations exist in most States, and these enthusiastic workers will probably yet be co-ordinated as a national organisation to increase our preparedness.

When they have passed their final tests many girls will be available throughout Australia to take over, if necessary, telegraphic, cable, and radio operating in post offices and cable offices. They may be required, also, as signallers attached to ambulance and transport units.

"MEET mother at the station at noon."

This is the first message taken by beginners learning Morse telegraphy with the Women's Emergency Signalling Corps in N.S.W.

Beginners are generally able to take this message after half an hour's tuition at their first lesson.

The Women's Emergency Signalling Corps has a membership of 400.

Similar work is being taught in the Girl Guides' Association in other States, and the Women's Reserve Emergency Naval Service in Brisbane.

As well as Morse telegraphy the girls learn semaphore signalling with flags.

This branch of their work could be utilised to assist ambulance drivers on war service.

To qualify as signallers girls must pass severe tests, sending and taking Morse code by telegraph.

No girl is admitted to the Women's Emergency Signalling Corps unless she can attain a speed of ten words a minute within a few weeks.

Regular tests are given until she can send a message of 500 words at the rate of 20 words a minute.

Only one mistake is permitted.

Girls usually reach this standard

of efficiency in four or five months.

The Sydney signallers have already had two successful camps, and are now learning drill.

They wear smart green uniforms with matching forage caps.

"I'm very proud of their progress," said Mrs. P. V. McKenzie, founder and captain of the Women's Emergency Signalling Corps, who is a qualified electrical engineer.

"We must be 100 per cent. efficient to be 100 per cent. useful."

"As well as our own regular tests we have been giving instruction to air force recruits who have not yet been called up."

"Their progress has been as heartening as the girls'. One boy reached the 20-words-a-minute standard in a month."

The girl signallers send their messages based on the same codes as



those used in training signallers in the A.I.F.

Though they are learning military drill and military signalling there is an informal air about their gatherings.

They are led by sergeants and group leaders, but their commander is "Mrs. Mac" to all of them.

Lessons in signalling have also been given by members to the Australian Women's Flying Club and the National Defence League Transport Unit.

Girl Guides in South Australia are proficient in Morse flag signalling, tapping and torchlight flash signalling.

Two members of the organisation are learning Morse telegraphy at the School of Mines and have reached a speed of 12 words a minute.

Members of the Australian Women's Legion in Victoria have been conducting signalling tests in camp at Narbethong recently.

Fifty Brisbane girls, members of the Women's Reserve Emergency Naval Service, are trained in semaphore signalling, Morse by buzzer, flash lamps and flags, and have also learned compass reading to add to their usefulness.

They wear a navy-blue uniform and the badge of their Service.

MORSE ALPHABET

A . —	J . — — —	S . . .
B — . . .	K . — .	T —
C — — . —	L . — . .	U . — .
D . — .	M — .	V . . . —
E .	N — .	W — . —
F . . . —	O — — .	X . — . —
G — . — .	P — . — .	Y — . — .
H	Q — . — .	Z — — . .
I . .	R . — .	



Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MR. DUDLEY C. TURNER

Red Cross Council

RECENTLY appointed deputy chairman, central council, Australian Red Cross Society, Mr. Dudley C. Turner has given up his Adelaide home and moved to Melbourne to devote his whole time, in an honorary capacity, to the work.

Noted organiser, he was largely responsible for the great success of Adelaide's recent Red Cross Week. For relaxation he likes golf, swimming, music.



MISS JAN BAYLEY

Canteen on wheels

PROUD driver of one of London's first mobile canteens is Miss Jan Bayley, of Sydney, who is doing war work in England.

Writing of her transfer from ambulance driving she says: "The canteen on wheels is a new idea. With my helpers I just climb in and drive to wherever a canteen is needed."



MR. B. J. AKERS

One in a million

GOLDEN job for Mr. B. J. Akers, of London. He tests the nation's gold.

Every bar of the millions of pounds' worth of bullion in Britain's national vaults is assayed to check its purity.

Chips from the bars are sent to Mr. Akers in his laboratory, and the weight of gold when impurities are extracted is recorded to the accuracy of one part in a million.

Her happiness was unsurpassed—a lovely dream come true. She heard him whisper for the first time: "Darling, my wife".



Romance that can live for you

The woman who knows nothing of such romance is letting precious happiness slip by. Moments like these are the birthright of every girl. Women made famous by their charm know for you too can know how to bring out their own personal fascination. Above all they have learned the irresistible appeal of a petal-soft skin. In this the girl of today has Erasmic Face Powder to help her. A powder that is refined till it is light and silky—clinging closely hour upon hour. To those who know you best, its fragrance will come to seem an intimate part of your personal dearest.



Erasmic Creams (Vanishing & Cold) 1/- Tube

E.4.27

SOLITARY HONEYMOON

A complete
Short Story

By...

**BARBARA
BOARD**

WHISPERING satin, the scent of unbelievably brilliant tropical flowers floating down from the altar, and the way Jim's hand shook when he put on the ring . . . that was her wedding. That at least was what she would always remember about her wedding.

Standing outside the little English church, under fire from cameras, Billie said: "I can't believe it's . . . It's . . ."

Six feet of sun-bronzed manhood grinned at her with eyes which were suddenly boyish. Her arm was more firmly possessed, "But it is over," he told her. "And now Mrs. James Saunders will step into the taxi and presently she'll start doing things to a cake which nobody wants to eat in this climate."

"You're impossible," she told him. But she knew that he was quite the opposite. When two years have passed you don't expect to find a man exactly the same as when he proposed to you. Especially when the proposal was one incident in a hectic leave spent in England. But he was . . . just the same. Even his chestnut-gold hair had just the same alarming kink in it where it escaped over one temple. And the way he spoke to her in that deep, velvet voice . . . he hadn't changed one bit.

How silly those people had been, in her home-town. Telling her it was too much to expect a man from abroad to be in love with her after two years. Telling her many girls went abroad to get married, only to find the man didn't care any longer . . . well, of course, he'd keep to his bond. But if the girl had any decency she just took the first boat back, and wrote off the affair as "useful experience."

There hadn't been any need to do that. She'd known, directly Jim stepped on to the deck of the liner, that the two years were really less than a day. Taking her in the car to the hotel at Port Sudan seemed little different to spinning along the country roads in England. Little different so far as Jim was concerned. Of course, there was desert, far away the blue of the Red Sea, and behind them the towering crags of the hills. But all that just made it even more wonderful.

"Congratulations, Jim. I think she looks perfectly divine." They were in the reception-room, with dark-skinned waiters pattering over the cool marble floor.

"Sweet girl, my dear chap, quite an addition to the club."

Strangers, all of them. Jim's friends. Looking at the new girl from England, some critically, some pleasantly, one or two—one in particular—with hostility. Billie returned the gaze of the willowy girl. Yes, she was lovely with that cherry mouth and spider's web lashes. But why was she looking at her just like that?

Billie told herself she was silly to be sensitive and then she was beside Jim, and Jim was telling her she would have to make a speech.

"Oh, not now," she said in sudden panic. But everyone was looking at her expectantly. Jim's hand crushed hers for a second and then she found herself saying silly things about how happy she was and how sweet everyone had been and . . .

"I think that's all." She trailed



Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

away and sat down very quickly, a velvety-pink flush staining her face. "Splendid," he whispered, and she knew she didn't care if she had made a frightful mess of it, when he looked at her like that. Funny how all her nervousness seemed to go when she spoke. Why, she was holding the glass of champagne quite steadily, watching the bubbles burst. They'd said her affair with Jim was just a bubble, beautiful and glittering. And back in England they were expecting it to burst. What fools they were.

Billie looked at Jim. "I think I'm going to burst," she said. And then smiling at the anxiety in his eyes . . . "with happiness."

"Funny kid."

The daffodil girl was close to them, looking at Jim with amusement in

her eyes. "What a delightful bridegroom you make!" she said. "You know, Jim, I just can't imagine you married." She turned to Billie. "I pity you," she smiled. "You'll have such a job making him settle down, won't she?"

Jim made a noise which might have been a grunt. "That's Lona Marcheson," he informed Billie. "The Colonel's daughter."

Billie said "Oh," and watched the willowy figure sauntering away down the room. She saw someone hand her a drink. She wondered if she was unreasonable when she hoped it would choke her!

Upstairs, changing into her "going-away dress"—although she wasn't really going away—the two London girls spoke about Lona Marcheson. "Practically popular here," they told Billie. "Though scarcely . . . well . . ."

"Don't let's get chattering," said

Billie turned as she heard a voice calling from a boat near by.

Billie, a little too hurriedly. "After all there are exactly 100 buttons to undo on this dress. You've only undone about twenty, and bridesmaids are supposed to do their job properly . . ."

They all laughed. Billie was quite ready when Jim knocked on the door.

"Phew!" he said. Billie was radiant in her pastel-green tussore. Billie's hazel eyes peeped demurely beneath her crisp green straw. Billie's size three-and-a-half feet balanced bravely on impossible shoes.

They swept down into the reception-room. They smiled, and they laughed, and they chatted and they said, "It's marvellous," and "We're so happy" and "Thank you all so much." Somehow they escaped.

In the car, a cloud of dust rising

behind them as they swept through Port Sudan's hot streets, Billie said: "I expect they've tied shoes on."

"Does it matter?" he asked gaily.

They drew up outside the cream stucco house—their home. Two natives rushed forward, bowing and grinning. Billie had only been inside the house the day she arrived just for one breathless hour. Every moment after had been taken up with wedding preparations.

"One whole fortnight . . . alone with you . . . here," Jim said as they stood in the doorway. "And I shan't need that for a whole fortnight either," he said as he picked up his case of surgical instruments from the hall table and deposited it inside a cupboard.

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Each hoped to save the situation in a different way, but the final result amazed them both.

JUST where Ted had found the "Guide," Muggsie never knew. She did know, though, where she would like to have it consigned.

The Guide was a small, tattered black book Ted swore by. It told exactly how to be a successful insurance man, and Ted wanted to be just that. The Guide was not reticent in its claims of what it could do for young men who studied it. It had been written by one R. Aubrey Fitch and a brief glance would convince the most casual reader that R. Aubrey Fitch thought he was pretty hot stuff. Ted thought so, too.

"This book has everything," he would tell Muggsie. "The man that wrote it knew the business. Listen to this, for instance."

While Ted read, Muggsie would look around Mr. Moretti's two-and-a-half-room flat and wish the Guide contained a foolproof way to become successful before the first of the month.

The first of the month always bothered Muggsie. It meant an accounting at the meat market two blocks up the street (chuck roast and hog's liver, specialties) and the grocery across the street (cantaloupes that tasted like pumpkin) and the dreadfully impersonal gas, electric and telephone companies, whose representatives said: "I'm sorry, lady, but—"

And Mr. Moretti. The first of the month was his day to collect "da rent." Let the first yellow streak of dawn spear the sky—or so it seemed—and the apartment house in which Ted and Muggsie rode out their depression resounded to the fist and voice of Mr. Moretti. No doorbells for this fierce Neapolitan with the curving moustache

Illustrated
by
WEP



FATAL DAY

By DON TRACY

and shoulders that crammed the narrow doorways of his own flats. Flats came before doorbells, and Mr. Moretti reverted to the primitive on rent day.

Muggsie shuddered when the first hammering blow of Mr. Moretti's fist on a door drifted up to the fourth floor. Muggsie shivered when Mr. Moretti bellowed: "Da rent!" Scrape as she had to do without as she had grown accustomed to, Muggsie always had da rent on the first of the month. Not to have it would mean saying No to Mr. Moretti. Sometimes Muggsie had nightmares in which she was forced to stand before Mr. Moretti and say No when he demanded da rent.

"Were you listening, dear?" Ted asked.

"I'm sorry," Muggsie confessed. "I listened up to the place where the Guide says that a salesman's best asset is his appearance, or a boy's best friend is his mother, or something."

Ted looked at her severely before he turned back to the little black book. "I'm only explaining why I ought to get that suit," he announced.

"Suit?"

"The grey suit I was telling you about," Ted reminded her. "It says here in the Guide—"

Guide or no Guide, she had to interrupt him. "Suit, Ted?" she asked. "We can't afford a new suit now. You know how short we are. And the first of the month is coming and everything."

Ted waved the Guide. "You haven't been listening, you egg."

he said. "I just got through reading about that. Listen."

Muggsie eyed the little black book venomously while Ted returned to the pages. "The insurance man," he read, "must regard his personal appearance as an investment. Too often capable men have failed to reach the top because of false economy in the matter of their clothes and their daily activities. The successful insurance man must dress the part. He must look successful lest some hint of parsimony destroy in his client the realization that here is a competent insurance consultant, successful because he is something more than just another salesman." Ted paused expectantly and looked at Muggsie. "See?"

Muggsie sighed wearily. "But where in the world are we going to get the money?" she asked.

Ted shifted in the chair and said: "I don't know." His eyes veered towards the writing-desk that served as a cupboard.

"No," Muggsie said firmly. "Absolutely not!" Take the rent money from the blue-and-white teapot that sat on the second shelf of the writing-desk? And face Mr. Moretti on the first of the month without a penny? Never! "No, Ted, that's out."

Ted bought the suit on the eighteenth. Muggsie counted on her fingers. Only thirteen days until the first of the month. Thirteen. A nasty number.

"An investment," Ted reminded her. "Just let old Cassidy get a look at this suit and he'll reach for his fountain pen. It's going to bring us luck. You'll see."

Cassidy was the big contractor who some day was going to buy the policy that would mean thick steaks instead of cubed ones, the best show instead of a neighborhood movie, the little shop on the Avenue instead of the department store basement for Muggsie and Ted. To Muggsie, Cassidy had become a mythical figure with their happiness in his fountain pen. A sort of millionaire red-faced Zeus who could prescribe their future with a wave of his hand, who could put melody in Mr. Moretti's clarion call: "Da rent!"

"You wait," Ted told her. "I'll show you that this suit is a real investment, just as the Guide says."

Muggsie tried to comfort herself with the realization that it was a beautiful suit and Ted had needed it. She tried not to think of how badly she needed clothes. She tried to avoid glimpses of the blue-and-white teapot in the cupboard. She tried to shut out the memory of Mr. Moretti's voice. She was not very successful in any of these things.

The calendar which hung in the kitchen had been given out by Ted's company. Each month's row of days was topped by a reproduction of an old print, old print reproductions being to insurance calendars what buxom blondes once were to those of breweries.

That month's print was "Broad-

Mr. Moretti did not laugh, but sat there in bewilderment.

way in Winter" and showed a lot of snow and sleighs and haphazard traffic laws. Under "Broadway in Winter," when Muggsie peeped, was "Boston Harbor, 1806," with water and out-of-proportion houses and ships with reefed sails.

Muggsie had stared at the number one that headed the list of days under "Boston Harbor, 1806." Then she remembered the blue-and-white teapot and Mr. Moretti. She closed her eyes and muttered a small prayer having to do with the collapse of Cassidy's sales resistance.

Rent day approached at about the same pace as Cassidy appeared to be coming to the signing stage. Each night Ted would bring home reports of some new indication that Cassidy—the great Cassidy—was ready to sign. And each night, before she turned off the kitchen light, Muggsie would say good-bye to one of the few days that still protected her from the first of the month.

SHE lay awake nights, thinking fierce little thoughts about men, and Ted in particular. "Damn him," she told herself. "He doesn't worry about Mr. Moretti. He has his suit and he knows Cassidy is going to sign, and when Cassidy does sign he'll laugh at me and say he told me I shouldn't have worried. But what if Mr. Moretti comes and there's no money?"

Her brain reeled at the thought. The night became full of moustaches and big fists and the demanding cry: "Da rent!" while Ted snored gently beside her.

"I wonder," thought Muggsie grimly, "if the Guide tells what a successful insurance man should do while sitting on the kerb."

"Broadway in Winter" was having its last showing in Muggsie's kitchen when Ted donned the new suit and went out to see Cassidy. "To-day's the day," he told her. "Yesterday he said he'd wind it up this morning."

After to-day we're in the bucks. Clothes for you. A car. A better place than this. And the suit did plenty to help."

"It had better be to-day," Muggsie said. "To-morrow's the first and to-morrow—"

He waved a hand. "I know, Moretti comes to-morrow. I'm going to be here personally to sign a cheque for him. Or maybe get the commission in cash and peel his rent from a big roll of bills." He bent over her and kissed her lightly. "Be yourself, egg," he told her. "I'm telling you the deal is closed. The money's as good as in the pocket of this new suit of mine. Quit worrying."

All day Muggsie stayed within earshot of the telephone. Ted had promised to call her when the policy was signed. The hours tickety clicked around the face of the alarm clock in the kitchen. The telephone remained silent.

Ted came home at noon. Muggsie heard his footsteps in the hall and her breathing stopped, her stomach chilled with the realization that Cassidy had not signed, after all. She could tell that by the way Ted hesitated outside the door; by the way he dragged himself into the front room. She tried to smile and, if the effort was not exactly a triumph, she could be excused. Suddenly, while she steeled herself to walk from the tiny kitchen into the room where Ted sat, she had the terrifying vision of Mr. Moretti on the morrow.

Ted was slumped in a chair, looking blankly out of the window at the bare court that was their view. The new suit was suddenly rumpled—almost as wrinkled as Ted's face seemed to be.

"What's the matter, Big Stuff?" Muggsie asked. "Calling it a day?"

Ted didn't answer. She felt a swift surge of pity for this boy who was her husband. He couldn't take it. She crossed the room and touched him on the shoulder. "I'll get you some lunch."

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A MAN'S LIFE

When the fourth person stepped into the little cabin, compelling drama came with him.

THE bearlike man whom Jim Trent was following plunged down the slope ahead in a hurry of snow. Monstrous in a fur parka, he looked more beast than human as he drove himself towards a low, drift-hidden cabin from which a faint streamer of smoke wavered in the still air.

If that man had a fine white scar on his neck then he was the one whom Trent, of Investigators, Incorporated, had trailed from New York, without ever having seen him, up into the bush of Quebec province. John Bullock, his name would be, and he would carry with him that for which Trent knew he would risk his life.

The big man kicked off his snowshoes and pushed open the cabin door. He vanished inside and left the snowshoes lying flat beside the doorway. That act betrayed the tenderfoot. A bushman stands his snowshoes up, by habit, so that they will not be stormed under during the night.

Trent went on deliberately, and knocked, as a man should in the polite country of Quebec. He had wintered here once, searching for a man who was wanted. After a moment's pause he stepped into a warm, clean-smelling room. Three pairs of eyes stabbed at him like bayonets and held him motionless by the door.

The man who might be Bullock sat on a bench, grasping his rifle. His large, florid face, with a close-cropped moustache and the wind-blown skin of a sportsman, was as though carved from rock. A scarf was wrapped high about his throat.

Out from a chimney corner peered a hook-nosed old man, tense and watchful. A wisp of a girl stared up at Trent with big grey eyes which were darkened by the shadow of fear. She, like the others, was motionless.

"Bonjour, messieurs et mademoiselle," said Trent, with a smile, knowing that while these people of the cabin probably spoke the two languages they would rather hear their own.

"I did not know that there was anyone behind me," grunted the big man. "You're an American, by your voice. My name's Hendee. Of New York."

There was something like a question in the announcement, as though he wanted to know whether he were believed. Or so it seemed. Trent smiled again, and told his name, and slipped out of his pack straps. With every effort to appear nonchalant he set his rifle in a corner.

"To whom am I indebted for this hospitality?" he asked, with a slight bow towards the old man.

"Ah!" exploded from the chimney corner, in a voice too strong for the time-withered body. "Here is one who has learned the politeness of our language with the words! It is the house of Narcisse Lapointe! The girl is my granddaughter, Ariane. You do not know this other Yankee, who speaks the French of Paris and who enters with his finger on the trigger of his rifle?"

"I never saw him," replied Trent, truthfully, "until I saw his back on the trail ahead of me!"

The man who called himself Hendee relaxed.

"Pardon, M. Lapointe," he said.

graciously. "I am new to this country and I have been in other lands where strangers were not always welcome!"

"I understand," said Lapointe, mollified. "Ariane, give our guests some tea."

The girl moved to the stove, revealing a slim and graceful figure. Trent found it easy to let his eyes follow the shapely head, the delicate rose and snow complexion of the north.

"Which way do you go?" asked the big man, as he drew his bench up to the table.

"Into the bush," replied Trent, without elaboration. If this were Bullock then their ways would be the same. He threw a veiled glance at the scarf. It rose to the line of the jaw. Somehow the neck behind it must be seen.

LAPOINTE made no move to join his guests. The girl served them meat pie and bread with their tea. Trent, eating lightly, considered the man opposite. He was broader by the span of a hand across the shoulders and at least thirty pounds heavier.

He finished eating and pushed back from the table, with his hand going to his hip as he turned toward the old man in the chimney corner. For the first time the rigidity of his heavy face relaxed in a smile. He opened a billfold of fine black leather, with gold mountings.

"Lapointe," he said, "your daughter is an excellent cook! How much do I owe you?"

There was a little moment of silence and again the cabin filled with a feeling of strain.

"Monsieur," answered the old man, slowly, "in the bush one does not accept pay from a visitor. Either he is a guest or he is not welcome!"

The color of the big man deepened. Then he looked down and reached for the billfold that lay open on the table. The letters "J.T.B." were stamped plainly in gold on the black leather. The movement of the man's arm had pulled his jacket back. A thread-like white scar ran obliquely down from the jaw.

"Bullock," said Trent, quietly, "keep your hands on the table."

Trent spoke with his fingers curled around the butt of an automatic pistol that was holstered under his arm. He watched Bullock's

Illustrated by FISCHER

eyes. They flickered, and Trent read that he would have to shoot to save himself. His gun leaped out. One of Bullock's hands had vanished and reappeared with incredible speed. Trent looked into the muzzle of a pistol as he started to squeeze the trigger of his own.

At that instant something flashed between the two men. Bullock's pistol thumped on the table and he sprang forward with a cry. He stood nursing his hand, on which a crimson stain grew, while he stared down at his weapon and a hunting knife that had fallen beside it.

Trent was on his feet now. His gaze travelled from Bullock to the knife and pistol, and then to Narcisse Lapointe. The old man was still in his chair but he was sitting erect and his leathery face was cracked by a grin.

"I have considerable skill with the knife," he announced. "It is a gift that I have taken great pains to cultivate for Ariane and I am alone most of the time. You may not have perceived, Monsieur Trent, that my legs are paralysed. I cannot move from this chair and yet I

command the room, and every action in it!"

Trent swallowed his astonishment with a great breath, as he took Bullock's pistol and holstered his own.

"I owe you many thanks, M. Lapointe," he said. "Undoubtedly if it had not been for you Bullock and I would both have holes in us by now!"

"It is much better this way," said the old man. "The affair is very strange. But for your superior politeness I might have decided to throw the knife at your hand. But I felt sure, monsieur, that you were too well-mannered to shoot when your enemy was unarmed! What is the quarrel?"

"There is no quarrel," answered Trent. "This man, John Bullock, was ruined financially. To recoup he stole a string of sapphires worth a fortune from his brother's wife. I was sent to get them. I think he

intended to lose himself here in the wilderness to throw off pursuit. He could come out in the spring and go abroad with excellent chances of safety."

"You," said Bullock, with a twitching smile, "are a liar!"

"Words," replied Trent, "cannot do you any good. Are you going to give up the sapphires without any more trouble?"

Bullock was getting himself in hand. The wound was a scratch. He looked at Ariane and her grandfather.

"I haven't any sapphires," he sneered. "If you're a detective you're a poor one! If my dear brother's wife has lost a necklace then let him buy her some more pretties! I am using an assumed name because I thought they might suspect the black sheep of the family. I'm here to hunt while I wait for the market in New York to pick up. I was told I could find a hunting party of Huron Indians at the Hudson Bay post on the Riviere a l'Ours."

"I thought you would deny it," said Trent. "That is why I did not try to overtake you until you got into the edge of the bush. Here it

Trent stood motionless by the door, arrested by the piercing gaze of three pairs of eyes.

would have brought results he was not to know for suddenly pain stabbed up his arm as though a giant wasp had stung him on the hand.

Automatically Trent's muscles set themselves in resistance to the pain. He heard his pistol drop with a bump; heard the laughter of John Bullock. He found himself staring, a little blankly, at a knife that dangled by the point from the fleshy part of his thumb. The knife fell, and the cracked bark of Lapointe came across the room.

"That is not the last knife that I have, monsieur! When one is confined to a chair it is necessary to make provision against the violence of other men. I can now, for instance, cut a slice from the end of your nose! M. Trent, put your pistol down on the table! Ariane, go and get both of those little guns, so that they can do no more harm!"

The girl obeyed. Jim Trent's mind was in a whirl of defeat and fury. He could offer no violence to the exasperating old man, even if he cared to risk having a knife driven into his throat. The troubled grey eyes of Ariane were on his wounded hand. He managed to smile at her.

"That is nothing," he said, "but your grandfather is more trouble than a wolverine!"

"A wolverine, am I?" exclaimed Lapointe. "This is an affair to be decided by heaven, not by pistols!"

"When you interfered it was already decided!" snapped Trent.

"Do not contradict me, young man!"

Bullock was chuckling so that he shook his mirth. For the first time the stony wariness was gone from his face.

"I will leave you three to entertain each other!" he said. "Although I should enjoy more of the society of Mademoiselle Ariane, if I had leisure!"

He turned, with a laugh, and moved toward his pack and rifle. Trent seized that moment, and leaped. He made a perfect tackle. Bullock's two hundred odd pounds hit the floor with a force that jarred the cabin.

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By WILLIAM M. ROUSE

FASHION PORTFOLIO

First Page

The Australian Women's Weekly

July 13, 1940

BILLOWY ... or SLINKY

● Gala nights to aid the win-the-war appeal call for formal and glamorous evening gowns. Contemporary styles still offer a fine versatility ... you can have mile-wide skirts topped by slim-fitting, low-cut bodices ... or the more subtly sophisticated appeal of the "covered-up" trend with long, tight sleeves and skirts as slender as a daffodil stem.

● Filmy midnight-blue chiffon with a scattering of silver stars. The frock is held on by a wide, crossed velvet shoulder-strap that ties in a huge bow in front. (Left.)

● Green suede crepe dinner dress with front skirt fullness shooting from the garnishing of black paillettes, which is repeated on the sleeves and at the neck. (Below.)



● Streamlined drama interpreted in senatorita-red crepe with brief apron swathed into a bustle at the back and a cascade of ruffles. (Above left.)

● Ice-blue chiffon with a swirling skirt propped out with a heavy taffeta slip. The youthful, nipped-in bodice is climaxed by encrustings of black paillettes. (Left.)



Ram

IMPORTANT TOUCHES . . .

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*If it's safe
in water,
it's safe in
LUX*



● Lucien Lelong's spectator sports suit with deep blue jacket and blue-and-grey panelled skirt. With it a Dick Whittington bundle bag in grey suede slung on a blue stick. (Above.)

● For sunny days in town a tip-tilted sailor and slim court shoes in navy-and-white polka-dotted crepe frame a lightweight navy wool jacket frock. (Left.)

● The ever-chic black ensemble in sheer wool achieves new glamor with a boxy jacket spiced with huge, outstanding revers and pocket flaps worked in black shiny braid and white pique pipings. (Top centre.)

● A simple black frock with striped collar and cuffs is enhanced with Milgrim's coquettish sailor and whopping bag in matching blue-and-white stripes. (Top right.)



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Sketched by PETROV

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Airmailed from London
By MARY ST. CLAIRE



• Nubby woollen coat in deep blue with slenderising front panels of leopard skin. Snooded hat to match with leopard brim. (Above.)



• Over a pale blue woollen dress a military-inspired cape of dark brown with clipped beaver side panels and up-standing collar. (Centre.)



• Dramatic two-tone coat in green and prune with lavish collar and pockets of silver fox. The matching swathed skull-cap is climaxed with a pompon of fur. (Top right.)

• Swing-skirted coat in deepest rose boucle, suavely accented with bands of glistening black Persian lamb to match the flattering glen-garry cap. (Extreme right.)



• Individual, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Price from 3/6.

P E T R O V

Cheering Diggers followed the Queen's car in taxis



SLOUCH HATS IN LONDON. These Australians wore the last lot of slouch hats seen in London till the present Diggers arrived. They are part of the Coronation contingent, whose arrival marked a time of jubilation in contrast to the stern meaning behind the presence of the representatives of Australia's manhood now in England.

Tremendous enthusiasm when Her Majesty visits Australians at hostel

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

Diggers in London, after meeting the Queen at the Victoria League Hostel, crowded into taxis and followed her, cheering and waving all the way, back to Buckingham Palace.

This unofficial escort, typical of Australian enthusiasm and informality, delighted the Queen, who was dressed in an ensemble of soft blue, with paillette-embroidered pockets and an off-the-face straw hat.

QUEEN ELIZABETH captured the hearts of all the boys. Every one of them was amazed that the Queen could be so informal.

"She was just one of us," they said, as, leaping into taxis, they followed Her Majesty almost into Buckingham Palace. Soon more and more Diggers arrived, and the cheering and waving went on for some time.

The Queen was photographed with some of the Diggers. The boys said to her: "What about a picture with us all?"

The Queen answered: "Well, where would you like me to stand?"

"Right in the centre, Your Majesty!" chorused the Diggers.

After taking the picture, the boys waving aside all formality asked the Queen's lady-in-waiting, Lady Hyde, "What about an autograph for the pictures?"

The lady-in-waiting, smiling shyly, replied on behalf of the Queen: "I think that can be arranged. Send these photographs to me. I'll be at the Palace till the end of the week!"

The shy Canadian boys who were present, and several "wavy-navers" (Naval Reservists) from South Africa, were amazed at the easy, happy-go-lucky manner of the Diggers. Even the New Zealanders were somewhat in the background once the Queen was amongst the Australian boys.

Queen Elizabeth also met

several Australian girls who give voluntary service in the canteen.

Photographed with the Queen were Sergeant Keith Cowling, of Adelaide, Corporal M. H. Cox, South Australia, Corporal McLachlan from Manly, Sergeant Roberts of the Second Army Field Workshops and Staff-Sergeant W. S. McEachern, from Tasmania.

For the rest of the twenty-four hours' leave, there was not much conversation except recounting stories of the Queen to one another.

It was all "What did she say to you, Bill?" over and over again.

One with the best tale to tell is Gunner Arthur Jones, a former Northern Territory stockman.

He pulled a postcard picture of an aboriginal, "King Moon-

Royal children share "common peril"

THE King and Queen have rejected and are still rejecting suggestions from influential quarters that Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose should be sent to the Dominions for safety.

Their Majesties' attitude is that millions of parents throughout England are facing the threat of invasion but cannot send their children away, so they prefer to keep their children in England and so share the anxieties of other parents.

"We all have to face the common peril"—that is the essence of the Royal opinion.



ABOVE: Queen Elizabeth talking to a Canadian officer in camp in England. The Queen has now met for the first time Australian Diggers at the Victoria League Hostel in London.

LEFT: The Queen among Australian and New Zealand nurses who recently returned to England from France.

light," out of his pocket, and after pinning an Australian rising-sun badge to it asked the Queen to accept it "as a little gift from Australia."

The Queen was touched by this impulsive gesture, and took the postcard, saying: "Well, that is very nice of you, indeed. I will keep it always."

"I hope you will enjoy your first days in London as much as I am enjoying my visit to you."

This is not the first souvenir the Queen has acquired. In the last couple of months she has visited troops in camps all over England.

Present of badge

ON one occasion she stopped to admire the regimental badge worn by one soldier, and he quickly removed the badge from his tunic and diffidently presented it to Her Majesty.

Pleased and smiling, the Queen pinned the badge to her blue coat under the diamond maple-leaf brooch she so frequently wears.

The Victoria League Hostel, where the Queen met the boys, has been running since December for N.C.O.'s and men of the Dominions. As soon as the Diggers got into London they had the choice of four or five places to stay, and those lucky enough to pick the Victoria League had this wonderful opportunity of meeting the Queen the first time they came to London.

Lady McConn, wife of the Agent-General for South Australia in London, said:

"I was at the information and accommodation desk at the Strand Theatre, which is headquarters for comfort for the Australian troops, when a Digger from Darwin and a dozen or so others said: 'Where can we see the King?' I knew the Queen would soon be there, so told them to hop in my car and Mrs. Harold Holiday's, which were parked outside and drive up to the Victoria League to see what was happening there."

"They were slightly suspicious at first that I might be pulling their legs, but jumping into the car off they went and as soon as they'd had the last glimpse of the Queen going

into the Palace they drove back to tell me that they had not seen the King, but they had seen the Queen, with whom they had all fallen completely in love."

When driving use



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To keep your mind on anything—driving a car, playing a game, adding up figures—chew WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It keeps you fresh and up to the mark, and overcomes that tired feeling. It eases nervous tension. Chew WRIGLEY'S for your teeth's sake. It removes the particles of food which lodge between them and thus impedes decay, besides giving

your teeth and gums much needed beneficial exercise. Chew it regularly—especially after meals. Doctors and dentists recommend it. Three delicious flavours: P.K. (double distilled peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different and juicy). Buy a few packets of each flavour to-day and always keep a supply handy with you.

WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM P.K.

Three delicious flavours. An Australian product. On sale everywhere.



HONGKONG. British fortress in China from which British women and children have been evacuated to Australia and the Philippines by order of the Government. (Inset: Mrs. Stockton.)



SCENES LIKE THIS were frequent during the occupation of Tientsin in 1939, when Japanese soldiers guarded barricades. Today the world is watching events at Hongkong.

British women forced to leave Hongkong

Second time in year that homes have been uprooted

By Beam Wireless from MAREE STOCKTON, Australian journalist in Hongkong

We are coming to Australia.

For the second time in less than a year British women in Hongkong face the fact that they must give up their husbands, their homes, and everything they hold dear.

MAREE STOCKTON is the wife of Norman Stockton, Editor of the Hongkong Telegraph. They met in Melbourne.

In August, 1939, with her mother, Mrs. P. P. Bishop, of Melbourne, and her fifteen-months-old daughter Anne, she was among the British women who were evacuated to Manila from Hongkong.

She later visited Australia for a month, before returning to the charming home in Hongkong where she has lived for three years.

In recent letters to her mother, Maree Stockton mentioned the unsettled feeling that exists in China, but said that the British residents all were very bright and hopeful.

"A blockade of Hongkong would make life for women and children unbearable," said her mother.

"Every article of food is imported, as even vegetables come from America."

THE Japanese are again stretched along our frontier, less than 50 miles from our picturesque homes in Kowloon and on the Peak.

The Japanese seemed friendly enough when I hiked along the frontier through emerald-green rice paddies, along the bank of the Shumshun River, which divides Hongkong from China.

Except that sentries were posted here and there at bridges, they were hard to distinguish from the Chinese peasants, who are still harvesting the rice.

Most soldiers seemed to have discarded their rifles for cameras, but ten thousand miles away in London anxious eyes were turning far eastwards.

Messages were flashing to Canberra, to Manila, and to Hongkong. Would Australia be prepared to stretch out a helping hand?

Would the United States, and authorities at the Philippines, temporarily accommodate women and children from danger, till ships could be obtained to take them to Australia?

To-day the answer was apparent to every woman in Hongkong.

From 9 o'clock in the morning it became obvious that something was happening to upset the even tenor of life in this Empire fortress.

Ferries crossing the harbor—tourists from Australia often find it hard to believe they are not in Sydney—were crowded with mothers and children.

Not afraid

ALL were anxious to avail themselves of the vaccinations from cholera and smallpox, which reminded me that Australia is free from these epidemics, which periodically ravage the Orient.

I watched the faces of these English, Australian, Canadian, New Zealand, and even Hongkong girls, as they waited their turn with the doctors.

Their expressions showed excitement, uncertainty, and calmness, but there never was fear on any face.

Worried lines were evident, for these women are giving up their men, who will defend the colony against an emergency which may arise.

Hongkong is a fortress wherein every able-bodied Briton with less than a score of exceptions has pledged himself to fight if the Gov-

ernment deems mobilisation necessary.

It is because of this that we women are leaving.

Many of us want to stay beside our men, but we know we can help to serve best by assuring our husbands and fathers that we are safe.

Life here for the majority is pleasant, with its round of bridge and mah-jongg parties and club life.

The short announcement on the radio this morning has changed all that.

Help Empire

WE were told in simple words that we must help the Empire by evacuating.

It was suggested that we should regard it as "an adventurous voyage to an hospitable country."

Monday is zero "our for the first 600 evacuees."

The rest of us will follow later.

We will be permitted to take one cabin trunk and two suitcases of clothes . . . "warm clothes," we were warned because in Hongkong we are sweltering in midsummer heat.

Everything else we possess, all our beautiful Chinese silk underclothes and the exquisite table linen we have collected so painstakingly, must be left behind.

Then the knick-knacks and curios that are inseparable from homes in the Far East will just be a memory to us.

But for the thousand or more children who are going to Australia for the first time there will be many compensations, such as fresh milk, cream, fruit, glorious beaches, and sunshine.

This is the second time since August of last year that I have been evacuated to Australia.

To me Australia is home, but to 95 per cent. of the women and children who will depart from China it is a haven from the unknown something which threatens their homes in Hongkong.

The threat is so great that England has said to our men, "Your wives and children must leave you."

Ooh! dirty hands,
you'll catch it
Brother!



Look!
SOLVOL
cleans them
quickly Mother!

and
whenever
you wash
your hands
— use **SOLVOL**



Mothers, here's a great discovery—Solvol for kiddies' hands and knees! Saves scrubbing and scolding! Saves time and trouble! Solvol's soft, plentiful lather whips out even ingrained grime . . . cleans hands and knees in two ticks! And the soothing ingredient in Solvol makes it ever so gentle—leaves the skin in perfect condition.

ESCAPE

Continuing Our
Exciting Serial

By . . .

**ETHEL
VANCE**

THE STORY SO FAR:

EMMY RITTER, former European actress, returned to her homeland, sold a property and diverted the proceeds to America, where she had lived for many years with her children, MARK and SABINA PREYSING. This was counted an act of treason and Emmy was sentenced to death.

Her letter to Mark, forwarded by an old servant, FRITZ KELLER, brought him immediately to Europe. Through an American-born COUNTESS he met DR. DITTEN, the surgeon attending Emmy in a prison hospital, and learnt of her pending execution. Ditten decided to attempt Emmy's escape by giving her a drug to induce semblance of death. He told Mark he would sign the certificate, but could do nothing further.

Mark sought the aid of Fritz, who had been given permission to take the body for burial. They worked out a scheme. While Mark, at a little cafe, was awaiting arrival of the truck driven by Fritz and conveying the supposedly dead Emmy for burial, he was interrogated by police and told them he was expecting a friend, Dr. Ditten. They declared that there was no such man.

Now read on:

THE old waiter stepped up to them. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but there is a Doctor Ditten. He often stops here for a beer on his way to and from town. He is of the political police. He's handling a special case out there, it seems."

"What do you know about him?" As the seated man looked up at the waiter, his face congested, and Mark felt that if a foreigner hadn't been there he might have struck him.

The old, dimmed face of the waiter showed a flicker of distress. He said, more hesitatingly, "Doctor Ditten came here once with another man." He leaned over and whispered the man's name in the ear of the policeman. Then he said, apologetically, "Everyone knows him, of course. It's Doctor Ditten's uncle. Then later the commander of the camp came in his car and I heard him speak to Doctor Ditten. They all drove away together. After that I knew who Doctor Ditten was."

The flush died out of the policeman's face, but the look of rage grew deeper. The man standing lifted his eyebrows and gave a childish whistle. He wasn't displeased at the discomfiture of the man who had done the questioning.

The man got up. "You are Doctor Ditten's friend?" he asked brusquely. "I told you that," Mark said.

"Then your presence is explained. I'm sorry to have inconvenienced you."

Mark nodded slightly, still keeping his offended expression. The two police clicked their heels, saluted and walked over to the door. There they stood looking out into the street.

Mark was stunned by sudden relief. How had that business of meeting Ditten here come to him? Maybe it wasn't a very good story. Maybe, except for the waiter coming in with the arresting name of the uncle, it wouldn't have worked. But it had worked for the time, and that was enough.

The two police had not gone. They

were still standing in the door. When they left, he would feel safer, but then the place would close, and he couldn't stand outside to wait for Fritz. Not for long anyway. Someone would question him again.

Now the card players got up and with good nights and salutes to the police went out.

Five minutes to twelve. The waiter came back and Mark beckoned him again.

"If you have any hot water out there," he said, "fill these two for me, will you? I'm feeling sick and I might need them."

He untied the parcel and gave the water bottle and the vacuum bottle to the waiter who took them, one in each hand, to the kitchen.

Presently he came back with them and laid them on the table. Mark opened his bag and put them in. The waiter watched him. Then he laid his bill before him.

Mark took out a good-sized note. "Keep the change," he said. The waiter looked at it, surprised. A mistake, Mark thought. He said casually, "You helped me to get rid of those fellows. Tell me, as it's so late and Doctor Ditten hasn't come, could you put me up here for the night? Any sort of room would do me. I feel too bad to go back to town this late."

The waiter looked at the money and put it in the tray he carried. He seemed thoughtful, but his old face showed very little. Then he said, "No, sir, I'm afraid there is no room."

"Then is there a room anywhere in town?"

"Yes, sir. There are several good hotels—the Brickmaker's Inn, for instance."

Shall I go there? Mark thought. No. This was the place to meet him. If he doesn't come, I must go back to town. Find out if he's turned up there. Or go down to the country. But I must stay here as long as I can.

He looked at the waiter and imagined he saw a warning in his abstract, waiting look. Perhaps he

Illustrated
by
VIRGIL



"Where can I put her?" he said. "Quick, I'm afraid she's dying."

suspected his story. The waiter must think Mark had drained his luck far enough.

He took the fur coat from the chair and got up, took his bags and carried them to the door. As he crossed the room Mark saw that his two police had been joined by another man in uniform. This one had been standing just outside the door, talking to them.

AS Mark came up, the police who had questioned him touched his cap. "Excuse me, please; this man here says Doctor Ditten left the camp well over an hour ago. He must have gone straight back to town."

"Thanks," Mark said. He turned to the man. "You say he left over an hour ago?"

"Yes, sir."

Mark stepped out on the sidewalk. The whole little town was covered in white mist.

"I should think he'd have stopped for me," he grumbled loud enough to be heard. "Well," he said to the waiter, "I guess there's nothing to do but take a taxi back to town. Where do I get one?"

"I'll phone for one," the waiter said. "There won't be any around town this late. I can't get one before twenty minutes or so."

A small car stood in front of the cafe. The two police stepped out and joined their companion on the sidewalk. After a moment's talk they went over and got in the car. At last they were going away.

But they got in and sat there talking. Mark couldn't hear what they said and he was afraid they were talking about him. ("Fishy story that fellow told. Suppose we pick him up and take him to headquarters.")

His story had been stupid, and worse than stupid because it involved the doctor. He had no right to connect himself with him. They might call him up, and he'd say, "Oh, yes, he's my friend, all right." But then where was Fritz? In the meantime they might have picked up Fritz, and this story of his, if it came out that he was Emmy's son, would take the doctors' last chance away. The doctor would be less able to insist then that he'd only made a grave mistake in thinking Madame Ritter dead.

Mark was no longer pleased with himself. He was cold with shame at having told the unlikely story.

Inside the cafe, the waiter was turning off the lights. Only one he left on. He came to the door and said to Mark, "Would you like to wait inside, sir? I have to clean up. It'll take me a few minutes."

"No, thanks. Did you get a taxi?" "Yes, sir. One'll be here in a little while."

Mark stood helplessly on the sidewalk. The only light now came through the glass door, and he was in a white cold bath of mist. One of the police in their car called out to him, "Good night." They seemed to have got over their awe at the uncle's name, and the other policeman echoed the good night with a mimicking, mocking sound. Then their engine started with a sputter. But it was cold, and a series of sharp reports came from the exhaust. The car wouldn't move.

In the noise they made Mark would have liked to shout at them, "Get out! For heaven's sake, get out!"

Finally with a jerk they lurched forward, and at that moment a halo of light came out of the thick mist. They swerved just in time to avoid something dark that appeared to be steaming up at them. They hadn't heard it coming for the noise they made. They swerved past, and were swallowed at once in the fog.

With screeching brakes, a delivery truck stopped a little beyond the cafe. Mark saw in black letters on the side, "Ebers, Cleaning and Dyeing. Satisfaction Guaranteed."

Please turn to Page 42

IT'S SLEEK... IT'S CHARMING...



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MAKES YOU FEEL WELL

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"NEVER mind," he said. His voice was as flat as a broken toy drum. "I'm not hungry." She sat down in a chair opposite him. "Go ahead," she commanded. "What happened?"

"Casidy," he told her, "didn't sign."

"I guessed that." She tried to forget Mr. Moretti. "What was the matter?"

Ted's laugh was a cross between a hiccup and a sob. "The suit," he said. "The new suit."

"Take it easy," she warned him. "What about the new suit?"

"You'll laugh," Ted told her. "It's very funny. I went in all ready to sign up Casidy. I had him right on the edge. He was all set yesterday to let me have the business, but he told me to come back to-day."

"I remember."

"Well," said Ted, "to-day when I went in to see him he told me it was all off. I nearly fainted. I asked him why. Casidy told me—he told me—he began to laugh again."

"Ted, tell me."

"He said he had a friend who sold insurance. And he said this friend of his was down and out. He told me that he could tell I wouldn't miss the business—that he could tell I was doing all right. Always dressed up and all. And he said this friend of his looked downright seedy and it was easy to see he needed the commission. Why, he said—he said this friend of his was so broke he even had to give up his car. Get that! He even had to give up his car!"

It was funny, when the first shock wore off. They had given up everything so that Ted could have a new suit to impress Casidy. And Casidy had given the big policy—that gorgeous, luscious big policy—to somebody else because this somebody else had looked seedy.

Muggsie began to giggle. Then she couldn't stop. It was a bubbling, chuckling laugh, such as she had not enjoyed for months. Ted stared at her—first wondering, then resentfully. And then, because Muggsie's laugh was infectious, he began to grin. Soon they were both laughing. Laughing because Casidy had turned Ted down because he had a new suit. Laughing because Mr. Moretti was coming the next day to hammer on the door for da rent that they didn't have—because they had spent it to buy the suit that had cost Ted the policy.

"We're nuts," Ted told her later. "Here we are, in the soup, and we laugh about it. We're a couple of nuts."

"Yes," Muggsie agreed. "I'm glad we are. I was afraid we were getting too smart, with our investments and our worry and everything."

"We'll never be smart," Ted told her.

"I hope not," she answered fervently.

"And as for Signor Moretti and da rent," Ted said, "I'll stay home

to-morrow and take care of that gentleman and his timid tapping." "We'll probably be thrown out on the street," Muggsie said cheerfully.

"Probably," Ted said. "I hope I don't get my new suit dirty. That's my investment and I can't let it depreciate too fast."

Morning dawned and "Old Broadway in Winter" gave way to "Boston Harbor, 1896," and below them Muggsie and Ted could hear the hammering and bawling that told the world that Mr. Moretti was in fine fettle for his rent collecting. Soon the door of their apartment bent under the massive fist and Mr. Moretti's call echoed through the rooms with its demand for the crumpled ones and fives and perhaps the ten that weren't in the teapot.

Ted opened the door. Mr. Moretti looked especially fierce this morning. His black moustache seemed bushier, his eyes more blackly gleaming, his hands bigger and his massive frame more overwhelming. "Da rent!" he said briefly.

"Mr. Moretti," Ted bowed, "won't you come in?"

The landlord entered, darting suspicious glances around the room. "Sit down, Mr. Moretti," Ted invited.

Mr. Moretti gingerly lowered his bulk to the edge of a chair. He smiled flatteringly at Muggsie, then drew his heavy brows down as he turned towards Ted. "Mr. Moretti," said Ted, "I'm sorry, but we haven't got the rent money."

MUGGSIE held her breath. Mr. Moretti appeared to swell. Ted held his ground.

"No rent?" asked Mr. Moretti, unbelievably. "But to-day is the day I always collect da rent! Ever month, June, July, August, September—always on the firsta da month I collect—"

"I know," interrupted Ted. "But, you see, we haven't any money."

Mr. Moretti's eyebrows did gymnastics. "No money? But howsa I'm gonna run this place without money, harh? Howsa I'm gonna pay da tax, da water rent, da upkeep what it runs a hundred two three hundred dollars alla time? Howsa I'm gonna—"

he paused in dismay, then turned to Muggsie. "Whassa matter," he asked, "you no gotta da rent?"

Muggsie gulped. "You see, Mr. Moretti," she explained, "my husband bought a new suit with the rent money."

"New suit! You mean he used da rent for a new suit?" He lapsed into Italian. Then, "Whassa for he do that when he knows I always got to have da rent firsta da month?"

Muggsie leaned forward. "It's a funny story, Mr. Moretti," she said. "Somehow the big man didn't seem so fearsome now. 'Do you want to hear it?'"

The landlord struck himself a light

Fatal Day

Continued from Page 4

blow on the forehead. "A funny story, she say," he told himself. Then to Muggsie: "Go ahead. What I got to lose anyway, harh?"

Carefully, and with words that would not strain Mr. Moretti's English too far, Muggsie told the story of Ted's new suit. She recounted all the arguments Ted had used to convince her that the suit was an investment. She told of the passing of the days, all marching toward the first of the month, while Casidy dithered over signing the policy. She spiked her tale with suspense and then hurled the denouement at Mr. Moretti with what she hoped was some of the humor that had struck her when Ted had told her of Casidy's decision and the reason for it. Then Muggsie leaned back and prayed that Mr. Moretti would laugh.

Muggsie's prayer got lost somewhere. Mr. Moretti distinctly did not laugh. For a time he sat there in bewilderment, his lips moving silently under the black moustache, as if he were repeating the words which this girl had told him made up a funny story. Ponderously he shook his head. He, Giuseppe Moretti, could see nothing funny about this suit, this Casidy, this what-you-say insurance.

Muggsie herself was beginning to see that the story was not exactly hysterically amusing. Mr. Moretti's reaction had been a let-down. She felt tired and she wanted to cry. She didn't dare look at Ted.

The room was very quiet. That was why Mr. Moretti's first shattering gale of laughter made Muggsie and Ted jump. It was as unexpected as a gunshot in church. They looked to see Mr. Moretti trembling in elephantine merriment. The black moustache curved to meet the eyebrows. His white teeth seemed whiter in the enormous cavity of his mouth as he roared. The thick brown neck was corded as he whooped.

Muggsie looked at Ted. Ted stared back at her. They shrugged and waited for Mr. Moretti's mirth to subside.

It took time, but the noise finally dwindled to a chorle and Mr. Moretti regained his voice. "You keeds," he chuckled. "You know alla time, I betcha. You think you fool me, Giuseppe Moretti, like you don't know. You don't fool him, nosirr."

"Fool you, Mr. Moretti?" Their voices made a quavering chorus. Was this a prelude to Mr. Moretti's every eviction?

The landlord continued to chuckle before he went on: "Shoo, I betcha you know alla time about this Casidy and me. I betcha you know this Casidy he's a building my new what-you-say development outside town. You coupla smart keeds, all right. Harh?" He snapped his thick fingers and burbled, "You know I never let this Casidy pay to build the houses not buy this

I WONDER

*I wonder when you loved me first,
Dear Heart, I never knew
A thing as vast, as strong, as deep,
So quietly grew.
And sometimes now I stare
at you,
Astonished to discover,
Who walked so surely as a friend,
Has turned a lover.*
—Yvonne Webb.

insurance from you so's I don't collect da rent. You coupla smart keeds, all right. I like you. Where's a telephone? I tell Casidy who he buys insurance from, you bet. I pay him to build da house. He better buy insurance from somebody who pay me da rent, harh? I call him up now. You see how much you fool Giuseppe Moretti!"

"But, Mr. Moretti," Ted began weakly, "we didn't know you knew Casidy. Honest. We just thought—"

The landlord lunged his bulk at the phone in the corner of the little living-room. "I know what you think," he chuckled. "You think you fool me. All right, I fool you. I get your what-you-say insurance sold to this Casidy. I got insurance gotta be put on ten twelve fifteen houses in this what-you-say development. All right. You sell me da insurance, too. Me, I'm da president da Downtown Italo-American Society, headquarters Eighth Street. They do what I say, you betcha, and I say they buy their insurance from you. I fix you so you make so much you gotta move outta this place go into one of my big places. This nice place for da money, too cheap for keeds like you. I going to fix you up so you pay me more money da rent every month. You see."

Later, after Mr. Moretti had called Casidy and made arrangements for Ted that were to end in policies for the what-you-say development houses, and the landlord had departed still shaking with joyous laughter, Ted looked at Muggsie. "I told you, dear," he reminded her. "Remember I said that the suit was an investment."

She nodded gravely. "Just as the Guide said," she replied. "The insurance man must regard his personal appearance as an investment. Too often—oh, much too often—a capable man has failed to reach the top because he failed to have a landlord like Mr. Moretti, with a sense of humor. Each successful insurance man should find a landlord with a sense of humor."

Laughing silently, they walked towards each other. From upstairs came a thunderous pounding and the voice of Mr. Moretti announcing that he had come for da rent.

(Copyright)

DO YOU KNOW?

HELEN OF TROY DRUGGED ULYSSES WITH DENTAL ANAESTHETIC

HELEN OF TROY DROPPED NEPENTHE INTO ULYSSES' WINE. THE ANCIENT GREEKS OFTEN TOOK THIS DRUG TO MAKE THEM DROWSY WHILE THEIR DENTISTS FILLED THE CAVITIES OF THEIR TEETH WITH GOLD. YOU CAN PREVENT CAVITIES AND DENTAL DECAY WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—FREE FROM DECAY GERMS.

ANTON VON LEEUWENHOEK OF DELFT (1632-1723), A DUTCH LINEN DRAPER, MADE MICROSCOPES HIS HOBBY AND WAS THE FIRST MAN TO FIND BACTERIA ON TEETH. HIS "BEASTIES" WILL TELL YOU THAT BACTERIAL MOUTH IS THE GREATEST ENEMY OF YOUR TEETH. KILL MOUTH BACTERIA WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN AND GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY.

17th CENTURY DRAPER DISCOVERED MOUTH BACTERIA!

FORTUNE FOR PULLING SINGLE TOOTH!

ABDUL AZIZ—A FAMOUS SULTAN OF TURKEY—WHEN SUFFERING THE AGONIES OF TOOTHACHE ONE DAY SENT FOR HIS COURT PHYSICIAN, WHO UNFORTUNATELY WAS AWAY HUNTING. SERVANTS COMBED CONSTANTINOPLE AND FINALLY BROUGHT BACK A POOR, RAGGED BARBER SURGEON, WHO EXTRACTED THE TOOTH. WHEN UPON A GRAND HOUSE AND 1,500 PIESTRES A MONTH FOR LIFE WAS BESTOWED ON HIM!

"BACTERIAL MOUTH" Starts where DECAY GERMS BREED!

"BACTERIAL MOUTH" ALWAYS STARTS WHEN TINY FOOD DEPOSITS ARE LEFT BETWEEN THE TEETH TO DECAY. KOLYNOS PREVENTS "BACTERIAL MOUTH" BECAUSE IT BURSTS INTO THOUSANDS OF TINY BUBBLES THAT SWIRL RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR TEETH AND FLOAT AWAY DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH GLEISTENING WITH NEW LOVELINESS. REMEMBER, KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. 1/3 ON A DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2/3

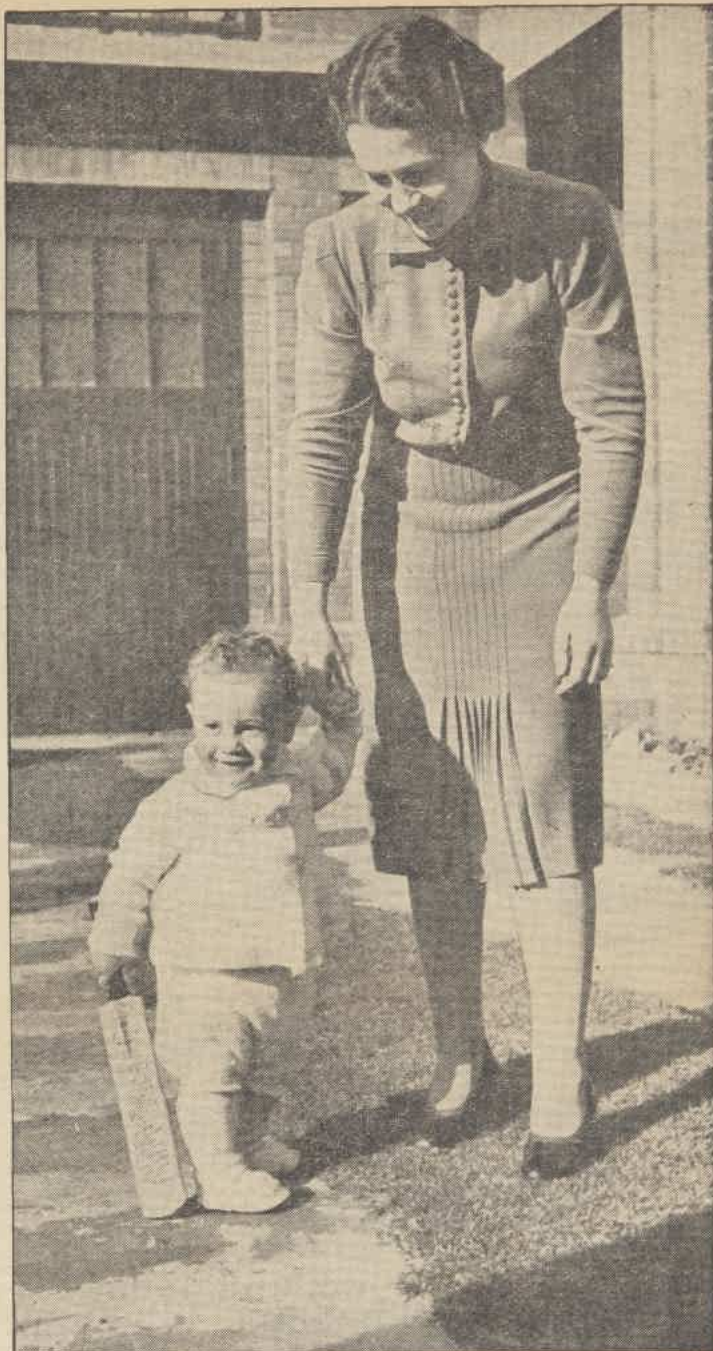
YOUNG BRADMAN...1

Don's son has a birthday

DON BRADMAN'S son, John Russell Bradman, celebrates his first birthday on Wednesday of this week, July 10. He's a pocket edition of his famous father, but with fair curls and his mother's blue eyes. He greets his first birthday in perfect health, as shown by these home studies taken exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly. Dad Don, who has joined the R.A.A.F., is attending preparatory classes while waiting to be called up, and Mrs. Bradman is a keen Red Cross worker and knitter.



JOHN RUSSELL BRADMAN, with Mac, one of his two terriers, in the play pen which Don built for him. He goes out there right after breakfast.



ANOTHER DON? Mrs. Bradman with John outside their Adelaide home. The miniature bat is John's latest toy. He swings it and taps it on the paving.



JOHN'S VOCABULARY consists of "Da Da, Ma Ma, Gee Gee, and Whoa Whoa," which he works overtime in his waking hours. He still puts in several hours a day sleeping.



"DON'T INTERRUPT me now, I'm busy." John is 22lbs. in weight and cuts and drives with the spoon faultlessly.

BUT he was a

A Man's Life

Continued from Page 5

rough and tumble fighter of no small ability, as Trent had guessed. His fists pounded aledge hammer blows; his knees drew up for a heave that would free him from this quiet man who had suddenly turned into a wildcat.

For Trent was doing some of the best in-fighting of his life. He had not dared to keep away from the big man and box, for fear that Narcisse Lapointe would decide to launch another knife.

His arms clamped around Bullock's head like curling steel cables, and he gambled everything on the belief that his enemy's wind would be a little short, his muscles a little soft.

The fight knew that trying moment when victory is in doubt. Then Trent felt that his iron grip was telling. Bullock's breath began to come in gasps. The fists that had been hammering Trent's face and head struck went into the air. The strength went out of the big man like water, and his face darkened.

Trent got up and knelt across his captive's stomach, where he could drive a blow to that wide jaw above the scar if it were necessary. Then he looked across the room to the corner from which the hooked nose and the bright eyes of Narcisse were pointed at him.

"What folly!" cried Ariane, starting at Trent's battered face. "All this trouble for a string of beads!"

Her grandfather spread out his hands and shrugged.

"You see, my child, why I have kept you from the world! A moment ago these men were ready to kill each other, and now they have been rolling about like fighting dogs! For what? For some jewels which are of no value except so far as their beauty delights the soul!"

"Have you any objection if I search this man?" asked Trent. "Or are you going to drive a knife into my back and call it the will of heaven?"

"Search him, by all means," replied Lapointe. "From his hair to his shoe-socks. I think it is you who have been telling me the truth, but I am by no means certain."

Bullock was recovering, but he did not offer to renew the battle when Trent began to go through his clothes. In that search no lining or seam from the skin outward escaped. Trent actually felt in his hair. He turned the pack inside out and examined every article minutely. And when he finished and sat down on a bench with a gesture of failure Bullock laughed at him.

"You might pull my teeth," he suggested. "And you've neglected to use a stomach pump."

"It begins to appear that a mistake has been made," observed Lapointe, gravely.

"There's no mistake," replied Trent. "For the moment he's outwitted me somehow. It's against all reason that he should have hidden the sapphires somewhere on the way. He'll want to take them out of the bush with him. And he would not trust them to anyone else. They're worth enough to buy a whole parish on the St. Lawrence."

"A man's life is worth more than a parish," said Narcisse, reflectively, scratching his ear. "You two wild animals do not seem to know that."

"Ah, monsieur!" cried Ariane. "Give up this folly. I can show you a place in the forest near here that is more beautiful than jewels. It makes me feel as if I did once when I was in the great basilica at Ste. Anne de Beauséjour."

"You are both mad," groaned Trent. "Utterly mad!"

"No," contradicted Lapointe. "Here in the bush it is you who are mad, for there are two of us and one of you. But if we were in one of the great cities it would be Ariane and me, Narcisse Lapointe, who would be mad. Of course!"

"You may be right," said Trent, "but I am going to get the sapphires. I don't want to do it, but I shall have to take him back with me."

There was a growl from Bullock, but the voice of Narcisse rode it down.

"You will let him go, M. Trent! Or, as surely as I sit here, I will put a knife into a leg for you. And then

you will not be able to march. You will eat the soup of Ariane and play bridge with me for a week or so. I have a pack of cards."

Jim Trent realised, through his wrath, that the old man was perfectly capable of carrying out that threat.

"You believe that I am lying, then?" he demanded.

"I believe in nothing, monsieur, except that le bon Dieu will settle this affair properly. Let us stand aside and see how things adjust themselves."

"Stand aside!" echoed Trent, bitterly. "If you'd do that I could adjust Bullock very nicely."

Bullock was an opportunist. He had got up and drawn on his parka. Now he thrust his arms through the straps of his pack and looked at his rifle, then to Lapointe. The old man nodded, but a knife suddenly appeared in his hand.

"Be very careful, monsieur," he said, "how you handle that gun."

Bullock tucked the weapon under his arm.

"Trent will follow me," he said, "and shoot me in the back."

"He will not follow until to-morrow morning," replied Narcisse, coldly. "You will have a chance to reach the post on the Rivière à l'Ours ahead of him, and there he will not dare to shoot you. Although it does not seem to me that M. Trent is a man who would shoot another in the back."

"For sapphires worth a whole parish," sneered Bullock, "he might do anything."

The door closed behind John Bullock. Trent, with his hands gripping the edge of the bench, turned slowly toward Narcisse. For an instant he was tempted to risk everything on a rush across the room. Perhaps the man guessed his thoughts.

"Be tranquil, monsieur," he said, "Very soon Ariane will give you some soup."

The next morning when Jim Trent settled the straps of his pack and took up his rifle the cabin was still lighted by candles. Outside the wind moaned through the bush and the sun was hidden by a great inverted grey bowl that allowed only a dim and weird radiance to come through to the world below. Man was suddenly alone, isolated, and threatened; thus it seemed to Trent as he stood in the doorway and looked back at Ariane and Narcisse.

"TO-DAY I shall say a hundred Aves for you, monsieur," murmured Ariane.

The foxlike bark of Lapointe came from his corner.

"All night I have watched that the imbecile did not slip away from me. Now let him go, if he will. He is a strong man, yes, but he does not know what a blizzard in the bush is like. Because he has been hunting in good weather he thinks he is a bushman. Even for me, Narcisse Lapointe, a blizzard was no light thing when my legs were like hickory saplings, when I could march a day and a night without food."

"I can't be angry with you," said Trent, slowly, "even though you have hindered me. I shall follow Bullock to the Circle if I have to. But, Ariane, if I live I am coming back."

Trent closed the door. He tried to put the stricken face of the girl out of his mind. There before him lay the trail that Bullock had made yesterday, growing fainter as fine snow drifted into it ahead of the rising wind.

There was menace in the steady drone through the bush. The evergreens seemed to be darker, nearly black, and the snow a flat and dirty white. All the sparkle of yesterday had gone from the forest and from the treeless stretches of barren land. Trent began to realise that he was facing real danger.

He was an able man, used to the open, but he had never experienced a blizzard in the north country. He was depressed by the weather but he did not yet doubt that he would reach the post on the Rivière à l'Ours and find Bullock grinning triumphantly there.

It was not until the trail of Bullock began to swing from a true course that Trent became uneasy. He had compass and map but he now remembered that he had found neither in the pockets or the pack of Bullock when he had searched for the sapphires.

The trail pulled sharply back in the opposite direction, showing that Bullock had felt his mistake. Here was a place in the shelter of a clump

of spruces where a man had made a fire and rested for a short time. Then he had gone on, apparently with no intention of making camp for the night.

It was not long before the trail bent in a long arc and now Trent realised what had happened to Bullock. He had come into the bush along the course of a little river. That had been easy to follow. He had not understood what it meant to strike directly into the forest towards the objective.

John Bullock was lost. That was bad enough, but when Trent found a knife sticking into the snow, with the haft just showing above the crust, he knew that his quarry was "bushed." That is, he was not only lost but his nerve, his coherence, his command of himself had deserted him. No man with his faculties in order would allow himself to part with his knife.

Trent came to the edge of a thick growth of timber. The wind struck him like a blow. Out there on the white surface he saw a dark spot that was not a wind-bared rock, for it moved as he looked at it.

John Bullock sat in the snow, huddled down, staring at his feet. His pack lay open beside him. His rifle was still slung across his shoulders. It was not until Trent spoke that he looked up, and then neither fear nor hope came into his dull eyes.

"Get up!" said Trent. "I've come to take you back!"

Slowly the big man's head swung from side to side.

"You can't, for I've twisted my ankle. The joke's on you!"

A chill that was not from the wind went through Jim Trent. He knew what this might mean; what it would probably mean. It explained why Bullock, already lost, had become bushed and utterly helpless.

"Can you walk at all?"

"Not any longer. I couldn't get to the woods to build a fire. I stepped on a snag under the snow. My ankle kept getting worse. I'm done for."

They were in a kind of grim twilight now, and the first tiny stinging particles of snow were coming level with the wind. Trent knelt and cut away the footings of Bullock's shogae. The face and ankle were dark and swollen, and already frostbitten.

He rubbed the foot with snow, cut up the canvas of Bullock's pack, and made a casing of bandages for the ankle. Then he drew on the heavy socks and shoe-pacs, but before he had finished Bullock fell over in a faint.

Trent brought him around with snow on his face. After that, with Bullock's arm across his shoulders, he reached the bush. The injured man's lips were drawn back in a snarl of pain. His breath whistled.

"You can't make it with me," he gasped.

"I will make it with you," replied Trent, "or I won't make it at all."

They started. Bullock was able to walk with Trent to catch him when he crumpled at the exquisite pain of his ankle. They marched side by side, with Bullock's hand pressed down on Trent's shoulder.

Jim Trent became an automaton, a machine that carried an enormous ache in one side and went on forever and ever putting down feet and lifting them up.

He thought that it must be noon but he could spare no energy to get out his watch. The sun was a hidden thing. The dark cover of the sky pressed close, but the eyes could no longer be lifted to it because of the myriad pin points of ice that lanced out of the air.

Trent threw away his pack and rifle to relieve his tortured body of that much weight. They could be of no use now, for he did not have strength left to make camp. He had made his choice, and he must go on.

The men had started to cross one of the open spaces when the storm finally broke, and lashed at them in the full power of its might. The world was stricken with a deep and unnatural darkness. They pushed into a wall of snow; a black wall that held them up as they leaned against it, and yielded just enough so that one foot could be set down in front of the other.

This was the end, thought Trent. He knew that he was near falling; that there was strength in him for no more than a few hundred yards. The weight of Bullock, long since past speech, had become very nearly insupportable. Trent knew that his legs were going to buckle under him. It was a certainty; a matter of minutes, of seconds.

HIS head rammed something immovable; something that was darker than the surrounding darkness. The men went down together, in a tangled heap. A light burst about them, and at first Trent thought that it was delirium.

Fingers clutched at his arm and a voice urged him up. He got to his hands and knees. Doggedly he pulled at the inert body of Bullock until it was across his shoulders.

Trent collapsed on a hard, dry floor, with heat and light penetrating the mist that was around his mind. A fiery drink went gurgling down his throat. He sat up and clawed the snow away from his eyes. That was the face of Ariane, receding. He saw her tug at Bullock until she got him into a bunk.

Trent rubbed his numb hands. From the chimney corner the bright, dark eyes of Narcisse Lapointe thrust at him. The old man leaned forward excitedly.

"But for you he would have died!" exclaimed Narcisse. "It was the will of heaven that you should go."

"You tried to stop me," panted Trent, weakly.

"Not at all!" barked Narcisse. "Don't contradict me, young man. I opposed you just enough so that you would surely go. I feared for the other. He is no bushman."

Jim Trent wanted to argue but he was too tired. He looked up at Ariane and made a grimace that was meant for a smile. Her eyes were warm and tender, like the blessed heat and light of the room.

"I said the hundred Aves, monsieur, and then I watched for you to come back! Now will you forget those beads that have nearly cost the lives of two men?"

"Yes, for I have got them."

"Is it so?" whispered Narcisse.

"Bring me Bullock's rifle, if you please, Ariane," said Trent.

He pressed the end of a finger into the muzzle of the gun and with his thumbnail scratched up a little end of adhesive tape. He drew it out. From the fragment of tape hung a string of gems that burned and sparkled with blue fire in the candlelight.

"They were hidden in the one place where no one would think to look," said Trent.

"They are the color of cornflowers," cried Ariane, softly. "Only they are not quite so beautiful as the cornflowers of Quebec."

"When did you discover them?" asked Narcisse.

"Why," answered Trent, "when I found him sitting in the snow I bent over and saw the tape in the muzzle of the rifle. Then I knew."

"Then you did not have to bring the man in to get the gems."

"Grandpère!" cried Ariane. "How can you say that? Of course a man like M. Trent would bring him in."

"You both told me," laughed Trent, "that a man's life is worth more than a string of sapphires."

"Manifestly," exclaimed Narcisse Lapointe, with great satisfaction, "all this has been expressly arranged by heaven!"

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

when treated with "VANIX"

become less and less noticeable after the first few applications, then gradually wither and finally are completely destroyed.

"Vanix," a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuytler, is simple and pleasant to use, quite harmless to the skin, and is obtainable, price 5/6 (post 5/6), from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 212 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 373 Lill Collins St., Melbourne; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melbourne; Birch's Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

THE GENUINE 3-IN-ONE OIL

For sewing machines, typewriters, guns, bicycles, tools, etc.

3-IN-ONE OIL

(Trade-Mark)

Mummy says

"You've got to have a VIROL constitution"

What does it mean to have a "Virol Constitution"? It means you are armed at all points to resist the attacks of infection. Virol fortifies the system wherever it is weakest. That is because Virol is the one food that supplies every factor needed for robust health. Give your children a Virol Constitution. Virol builds for life.



Real Life Stories

Volunteer diver faces storm and shark

Thrills on Queensland coast

MY brother and I were holidaying with a friend on a small island off the coast of Queensland. We went out fishing in a thirty-foot motor launch which had a temporary sail rigged on it.

With a good catch, we set out for home. Soon a sharp wind sprang up.

Everything went well until a hard gust snapped the mast like a match. Ropes and sail covered the stern of the boat, and suddenly the engine spluttered and went dead. One of the sail ropes must have fouled the propeller.

We were in heavy seas, the boat was drifting fast, and the three of us knew what would happen if the propeller was not freed, so my brother, being the best swimmer and diver, volunteered to go down and cut the ropes from around the screw.

He had been down twice, and as he sank below the surface for the third time I was horrified to see a black fin about fifty yards from the boat.

I yelled to our friend who was at the wheel. He grabbed a rifle and took a quick shot at the shark. I threw some of our catch of fish as far from the boat as possible, then started to churn the water at the stern with an oar.

The fin disappeared, but that was no relief; it seemed hours before my brother came to the surface. We wasted no time dragging him into the boat; the motor started, and we arrived home safely.

£1/1/- to Mr. L. Thompson, 99 Corunna Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" Column. Full address at top of page 9.



"AS HE SANK BELOW the surface for the third time I was horrified to see a black fin about fifty yards from the boat."

Short and Snappy

NOT HOSTILE

A DAY or so after Italy entered the war, a file of soldiers was halted in the main street of Dandenong, when a sharp shower came on and they ran for shelter.

An Italian fruiterer, standing outside his shop watching the soldiers, evidently thought they were making for him with hostile intentions. He took to his heels, and had sprinted some distance before he realised that no one was after him, but that everyone was laughing at him!

10/6 to Mrs. N. Ransome, 82 Shooaba Rd., Eisternwick St, Vic.

FAR FROM LUCKY

HERE'S one who doesn't believe in "See a pin, pick it up..."

A friend and I were shopping. Spying a pin on the footpath, she bent down and picked it up, at the cost of a run from ankle to knee in a pair of 7/11 stockings. Farther on, she had to grab her hat in a gust of wind, and dropped a parcel containing half a dozen cups. Result, one whole cup left.

The climax came when, later on, sitting in a cafe, she upset a large ice-cream on the lap of a brand-new suit.

2/6 to Mrs. V. Lynch, Kent St, Gladstone, Qld.

SAVED BY A TOE

WE were bathing in the Macquarie River. My brother, who could not swim, went out beyond his depth and began to sink. We were frightened watching him go under, but one of the boys ran to a swing which hung from a willow and would swing out over the river.

He called to my brother to grab his foot, and the poor boy just managed to catch hold of the big toe. By that he was pulled safely back to shallow water.

2/6 to Miss Joyce Purnell, 237 Ben Boyd Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

DIGGERS' GREETING

THE message of welcome from the King to the Anzacs in England took my mind back to the day when the late King George V reviewed the 3rd Division A.I.F. in 1916 on Salisbury Plains. After my battalion had been reviewed we were resting by the roadside, when someone said, "Here comes the King."

When His Majesty rode past with his retinue we all threw our hats in the air and shouted "Good old George." From the smile on His Majesty's face I'm sure he quite enjoyed that unconventional greeting.

2/6 to J. T. Holland, 80 Barton St, Mayfield, N.S.W.

Dangerous treat

WHEN I was twelve years old, I had a swing that was hung immediately above a concrete step. One day I decided to give our neighbor's little girl of eighteen months a treat, so I placed her facing me on my lap, put my arms around the rope supports, and my hands behind her back.

I had got the swing in good motion when she suddenly slipped backwards, her head hanging where it would be dashed against the step as we swung back. Somehow I managed to get my feet behind her head and lift it, clearing the step by an inch or two. I pinned her feet against me with my elbows to prevent her slipping further.

Out of hearing, and unable to use my feet to stop in the usual way, I could only hold on till the swing came to a standstill.

2/6 to Miss M. H. Gunter, 18 Hardy St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

False alarm

IT was in the final stages of the 1914-18 war. We had "Fritz" on the run, but as he retreated he left delayed-action mines, which would explode some time after his departure.

We had entered the village of Belle Fontaine and a number of these mines had exploded there.

As we had been fighting for days and nights, we received orders to rest there overnight, and were allotted a chateau for quarters. With two other N.C.O.'s, I had the use of a real double bed, the first bed we'd slept in for months.

We were about to sleep the sleep of all sleeps when we heard a metallic grating sound nearby. Hurriedly we flashed a torch, grabbed our rifles and boots and were making a hasty exit. But, alas! We were too late; the grandfather clock in the corner had begun to strike.

2/6 to Abraham Diamond, Yards Post Office, via Erica, Vic.

Peril in paper

I WORK for a firm of electricians and one day I was underneath a new cottage with the foreman wiring power points. A large amount of rock had been blasted away to make a level site for the foundations, and it was very dark and rough under there, so I asked Bill, the foreman, for some matches.

Feeling around my hand touched a piece of paper, so I set it alight. Bill then pulled it over to give his side more light, and felt that it contained something heavy. He beat out the burning part, and opened the paper out.

I struck another match to see the contents, and we both froze with fright. The paper contained eight sticks of gelignite, a handful of detonators, and between three and four yards of white fuse!

2/6 to H. C. Haydon, 17 Bonney St., Sans Souci, Sydney.

Pistol as plaything

SETTING on the verandah of a friend's house one Sunday morning I noticed a small boy hiding behind the fence of his house. As the churchgoers came by he would spring from hiding, point a pistol which I took to be a toy, pull the trigger and shout a lusty "Bang!"

At this point I prepared to depart for church, and as I, too, came near him he sprang from hiding and pointed his gun at me. As he did so I suddenly realised that it was not a toy. I leapt forward, knocking the pistol out of his hand before he had a chance to pull the trigger. In the gun I found a .32-calibre bullet, which with each pull of the trigger had been coming closer and closer to the firing position and was ready for firing when my turn came.

2/6 to Jack Langley, 32 Union St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Menace of floodtide

IN August, 1934, I was teaching at Port Germeln, in South Australia. It is situated on a small horseshoe inlet off Spencer's Gulf. One night a strong wind was blowing the tide in very quickly at sundown, and old residents were sure that we would see an unusually high tide that night. But no one was at all worried.

I was boarding in an isolated house with an old woman and her daughter about a quarter of a mile from the township and about the same distance from the beach. We sat around a huge fire, working by kerosene lamp. Suddenly I noticed a trickle of water running across the floor. My first thought was that the kerosene lamp, a special lamp lit as a favor to me, was leaking, and while debating how to break it to the folk I saw seaweed on the flowing ribbon of water.

It seemed incredible that the sea could come so far inland and up a hill, but it was so, and soon the three of us had storm lanterns at the windows, and we found, to our horror, that the water had crept in as silently as the stars came out. It was coming in under the doors and through the window-frames and filling the rooms.

We blocked up all crevices with anything available, raised what paraphernalia we could to safety, and tried to be cheerful; but with the dreadful black night and the silent, creeping water it was a terrifying experience.

At midnight the wind dropped and gradually the flood crept back again whence it had come. At dawn we opened the doors to find seaweed and flotsam on our door-steps and a devastated landscape about us. We were isolated for two days, but no lives were lost in the whole town, which is miraculous considering the very real danger.

2/6 to Mrs. M. A. C. Marriott, 315 The Terrace, Port Pirie, S.A.

The Modern Mother



takes Beecham's Pills



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

Worth a Guinea a Box

An Editorial

JULY 13, 1940

A CURE FOR CHATTERBUGS



THE recent statement of Minister for the Army Street on chatterbugs and idle gossipers breaks no fresh ground. It was

just another solemn warning to keep a tight mouth or else—

But surely the Federal Government must realise that you can't stop people from talking.

Dangerous and subversive talkers should have been behind barbed wire long ago—the other chatterers are talking because, paradoxically, they have nothing to say.

Here's where the Federal Government could cut out the solemn warnings and do something positive to meet the situation.

Couldn't the Ministry for Information give the public something to talk about?

Anybody who thinks the Australian wants to engage in dangerous small talk and rumor is badly misjudging the temper of the people to-day.

Consider the recruits pouring into the A.I.F. and our war-workers putting every ounce of effort into their task . . .

Picture nearly 10,000 women in Sydney clamoring to attend the formation of the Women's Australian National Services and then forget forever the idea that Australians are gossiping their way through the war.

The recent Department of Information broadcasts have fallen lamentably short of the material the people want to hear.

Classical music and long discourses are only an extension of the more prosy side of "A" class programmes.

Let the Ministry give us warm, human war news. That's what we are waiting to hear.

Such a move would set tongues wagging in the right way—the way to victory. The way we are going now people are beginning to fear that the repeated warnings to the chatterbugs might be only the politicians' answer to criticism of themselves.

—THE EDITOR.

THE A.I.F. WRITES HOME

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. are of interest to all other Australians. These sidelights are part of the unofficial history of our fighting forces. The Australian Women's Weekly invites its readers to send in copies or extracts from these letters for publication.

A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published or not.

A young officer, who has received a commission since going to Palestine:

"I HAVE a room and a batman—not that the batman's a piece of furniture by any means.

"In fact, he's a nice little Scotsman who is afraid to talk to an officer. I'm wearing him down by degrees by buying him cigarettes, but I know that the wearing-down process will be slow if I keep this method up.

"You should be here to hear English as it is spoken by English officers. I need an interpreter and I feel a bit of a goat asking them to repeat what they say every time.

"This school on Tactical Gas is nearly killing me, but I'm surviving with an effort between meals—which reminds me.

"The system for meals is the Hot Plate Method. You file into the room (not last) and all the food is laid out in various dishes on a hot plate, and as you want it you help yourself. It's a bit of a nuisance jumping up four or five times in a meal, but it's a novelty that will soon wear off."

A Sydney flight-rigger training with the R.A.A.F. in Victoria:

"YOU know Melbourne weather, so you can appreciate just how all we interstate chaps feel the change in climate.

"It's been raining all the week, and to see the sun to-day nearly made me homesick.

"I'm getting on well with my course. I've done about six weeks so far, which leaves about another six weeks in this freezing place.

"As for knowing a plane inside out, I think I could assemble one by now with a lot of luck."

A Sydney soldier with the third contingent, to his girl-friend:

"I AM occupying a palatial cabin with five others. It has a bathroom attached with all the fittings one craves for, plenty of mirrors to satisfy our conceit, and a big bath that would accommodate us all with ease.

"The cabin has reading lamps, a wonderful ventilation system, soundless fans, and tapestry on the walls.

"I have a lower bunk, very roomy, with sheets and wire mattress.

"There is great excitement on board. A fair percentage of these fellows have never been to sea before, so you can visualise the wondering faces that are continually about me.

"I was picked for guard duty to-day. There are many places aboard this vessel that are out of bounds to the rank and file, so it is necessary to mount guard to keep away would-be explorers.

"We have plenty of books, though some are sadly prehistoric—mostly love stories and heavy mid-Victorian stuff.

"There is a slight swell to-day. The temperature has dropped and my last watch from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m. proved most unpleasant. I shivered although heavily clad. By the feel of things there must be icebergs in the vicinity."

Winnie the war winner



"Say NO."

A lieutenant with the first contingent in Palestine:

"SINCE last writing, many things have happened.

"We have been living in the trenches for days, and camping out in the Hebron Hills for many days also, which all tends to 'toughen' us.

"Then what do we find? I get sent to Egypt, where luxury and ease prevail, to undo all the doing up which took place in Palestine.

"The Hebron Hills were great. We camped very near the ruins of an old Crusader Church of the 6th Century, and right near it was a large hill honeycombed with tombs.

"Our tactics developed into an archaeology expedition. For instance, in an attack I signalled my men forward, but nothing happened.

"Upon investigation I found the nine of them at the bottom of a 50-foot tomb showing an old Arab the proper way to shear a sheep. I ask you!"

A sapper in the Engineers with the third contingent, to his wife:

"I WENT for my constitutional walk after dinner this evening.

"Standing at the rail watching the phosphorescent wake of our propellers, with everything otherwise so still but for the gentlest of breezes, I found it hard to realise that the world for us was more or less in chaos.

"It seemed wrong to think that way. I cannot explain this too well, but I think you will understand when I say that it was more in desperation than anything else that I rushed inside again.

"The realisation of our true predicament—the fact that we are on our way to further the cause of peace—comes to me as a K.O. blow, when our trip on this beautiful vessel seems so much like a holiday cruise."

A New South Wales officer:

"WE arrived in the land of the Pharaohs three days ago after 14 hours by train across the desert and Suez, and were pleased to put up in the barracks near Cairo.

"The first day's work consisted of leave which wasn't hard to take, so we shouldered our cameras and in true tourist style rolled into the museum and zoo.

"The museum is wonderful, and I was lucky enough to fluke a good picture of King Tut's coffin of gold.

"The zoo was nothing out of the box except that it was at least cool, and they do serve good ice-cream.

"The next day saw three of us on our way to the Pyramids of Giza—not far from Cairo. For a change, thought we would go by train and bus. The bus driver had a fight with a passenger. He ended up in police station, and blow me down if the taxi driver didn't run over a poor old Gippo who was drunk. Gee! We must have been Jonahs, so I think we'll stick to taxis.

"The Pyramids at last were unfolded to our gaze. Nothing I could say about them has been overlooked by competent authors. I am sure, and everyone has seen pictures of them at some time or other, but I would like to say as my contribution to literature that it's no good cleaning your boots before visiting the piles of rocks on account of the thick dust on the approach to them.

"The Sphinx has been completely excavated, and what's all this about its inscrutable smile? Near the Sphinx is the Sun Temple, which is worth seeing.

"We then had dinner for 7/6 (special fee for officers), at Mena House, which is a bonzer place with Australian gum trees, swimming pool, many waiters, fellows to be tipped, etc., floating about. The pyramids shown up by moonlight are a sight that will remain with me as long as I can remember."

An R.A.A.F. cook from Queensland, to a friend whose acquaintance he has made since joining up:

"IT was a big day for me when I got your letter; in fact, quite a novelty, because the only one I have in the world to write to me is Dad.

"And the only time Dad was ever known to write a letter was when they had 246 points of rain in North Queensland."

Sister Anne Strain, of Kororo, Victoria, a nurse with the B.E.F. in the evacuation from Dunkirk:

"WE were busy in our huge hospital, and just had to see our months of hard work go all in a minute.

"We escaped only in what we stood up in, and anything we could pick up in our hands.

"A small packet ready to post was all I saved, and many of the girls did not even have time to get a handkerchief.

"We were 34 hours without even a drink of water and we felt a little jittery in the English Channel.

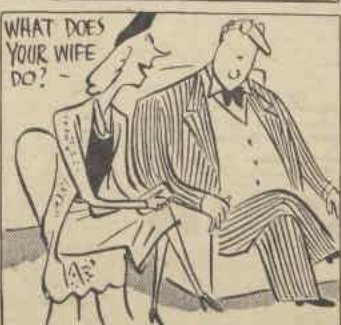
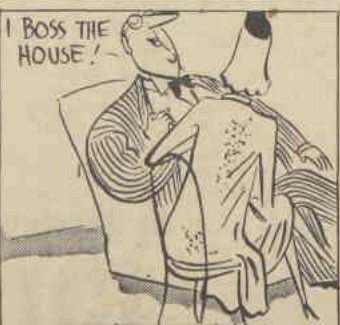
"Still we were lucky to get here, and all we wanted to do was lie down and sleep when we arrived in dear old England.

"My eyes feel in the back of my head, as though they will never pop again.

"We are having 14 days' complete rest, and I am in the country with friends. The weather is glorious, and the gardens a mass of bloom.

"In this lovely quietness I will soon feel O.K. again."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP





L. W. Lower is about to float "CARCHARCOAL LTD."

Let him wean your car — and
you — off petrol!

At last my chance has come.

Hitherto I have been regarded as a mere butterfly in the business world. But I am now thinking of branching out as promoter and, of course, president of the Board of Directors of "Carcharcoal Ltd."

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to—" Leads on to something or other.

That's the worst of Shakespeare. If he'd only written a good line-erick one might be able to memorise it.

The only bit of Shakespeare I am reasonably sure of is:

"Out! Out! Damned spot!

Foul creature of the poisoned night!" That was when Hamlet was putting the dog out for the night. Even in those days dogs were called "Spot."

But of course you want to hear about "Carcharcoal Ltd."

Petrol shortage in Australia has resulted in a search for new fuels. Professor Norman, of America, says that you can run your car on alcohol

By
L. W. Lower
Australia's foremost
humorist
Illustrated by WEP

extracted from oats, rice, molasses and artichokes, also fruit and vegetables.

This is quite all right but no good for those of moderate means, as a chef would be required as well as a chauffeur.

Your car can be converted to run on eucalyptus oil or soya bean oil also, but there is a lot of nucking about attached to these fuels.

Having gone into the matter thoroughly with Wep, the well-known motorist and traffic cops' delight, we have decided on char-

coal. Mind you, the problem is not solved by slinging a few bags of charcoal into the back of the car and a few more bags strapped to the running-board and on the roof and away you go. There are many things to be considered.

That's where "Carcharcoal Ltd." comes in.

If you wished to drive from Melbourne to Sydney or even from Sydney to Melbourne, it is obvious that, using two lbs. of charcoal to the mile, you'd need a lot of charcoal.

"Ha!" says the shrewd investor. "That knocks the bottom out of your Carcharcoal scheme!" But it doesn't. Oh, no! Far from it.

That's where the other company comes in. Amalgamated Bushfires Inc.

It would start bushfires all along the main interstate roads and establish charcoal depots at suitable intervals.

A paying proposition

AN Australian engineer says he can get 36 miles to the gallon from a car running on eucalyptus. And now I come to think of it, eucalyptus oil may be cheaper than charcoal.

At very small expense a trailer could be attached to the car and the eucalyptus fumes from the exhaust fed into it.

Sufferers from catarrh (catarrha?), colds, sore throats, croup, flu, ammonia, pleurisy, and other chest complaints could be taken on as paying passengers in the trailer with benefit to all.

I sense your objections. A great deal of mechanical skill, ingenuity, and care is needed to get good results.

For instance, a large gas producing plant should not be attached to the back of a small car, such as a two-seater. The weight of the equipment at the back tends to lift the front wheels off the ground, rendering steering difficult.

To offset this, passengers, if any, should be accommodated on the front bumper-bar or astride the bonnet.

I realise that we are not all possessed of sufficient engineering knowledge to install these petrol-saving units, but there is a way out.

L. W. LOWER and WEP encounter trouble on the road with their newly-converted car.

Horses are cheap, although they would have to be harnessed a fair distance in front of the car so they wouldn't kick the front out of the radiator.

Some slight difficulty would be encountered when the motorist wished to reverse. A spare horse could be harnessed backwards to the rear of the car, but this would mean that the horse would have to gallop backwards for most of the time until one needed to reverse.

It sounds a bit complicated, but you'd get used to it in time.

Parking is the problem here. About thirty feet of space would be needed to park the back and front horses and the car. The headlights would be obscured by the horses in front of the car, so these would have to be fastened to the heads of the horses in front of the car, and the tail-light similarly fixed to the rear horse.

If none of these appeals to you, the thing to do is to become a Mem-

ber of Parliament or join the Police Flying Squad. They always have petrol.

Buy an ambulance is another suggestion. Practically no speed limits, park anywhere, book the petrol up to the local hospital, camping body, alien that gives you right-of-way against all traffic—Hang it, I've a good mind to buy one myself.

Either that or join the Fire Brigade. Then if you wanted to go to, say, an outlying suburb, you just sneak over to the shop across the road and phone the brigade, telling them there's a terrific fire there.

When you get there you just say, "Well, captain. Seems to be a false alarm. I live just around here. I'll see you at the station in the morning."

Meantime don't do anything rash until "Carcharcoal Ltd." gets into full swing.



All starched
with three
tablespoons
of Robin

As Mrs. Rawlins always used to say, Robin Starch is as good as another pair of hands on washing day. And you'll find the new Robin Book (see below) as much of a help as the starch itself. It tells you just how the average week's wash can be beautifully starched—and more quickly too!—with only three tablespoonfuls of Robin.

Mrs. R. C. of South Norwood says "... the method suggested is most economical and does give excellent results."

FREE!

An interesting book telling you how easy and economical starching can be. You ought to have it. (Send coupon below.)

COUPON
RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LIMITED,
Dept. "A" 145 Bourke St., Redfern,
Sydney. Please send me a free copy of
"A Little Bird Told Me."
Name _____
Address _____

Please write in CAPITAL letters.

A new easier way to better starching

1 Grouping: Sort your washing into groups according to the degree of stiffness required.

2 Mixing: Mix 3 tablespoonfuls of Robin to a cream with cold water. Add boiling water, stirring well, until the starch is clear. You will need about a quart of boiling water.

3 Dipping: GROUP 1. Add 5 pints of cold or warm water. Dip and wring tablecloths, aprons, tray cloths and duvets etc.

GROUP 2. Take half the starch left over and add 4 pints. Dip and wring pillowslips, overalls, shirts and evening curtains.

GROUP 3. Take what you need of the remaining starch and add an equal part of cold water. This will put a lovely fresh finish on handkerchiefs.

4 Ironing: Make sure your iron is hot enough.

ROBIN
Starch
GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Why not be
Attractively
SLIM

JUST think how smart you'll look in your new winter outfit if you're slim—and how much healthier and fitter you'll feel if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

Slenderness can be yours without strict dieting or tiresome exercises if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed will tone you up and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start now on the sure way to health and slenderness—the Bile Beans way. You'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a welcome reduction in your weight.

By Regularly Taking

BILE BEANS

"I take Bile Beans nightly, and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I never feel weary or listless now. Bile Beans also keep the figure slim, and to all who wish to possess a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss M. Hawthorne.

"I bless the day that I tried Bile Beans, for since taking them regularly I have reduced by 11 pounds and my bust measurement is three inches less. Bile Beans have given me new energy and I look and feel ever so well!"—Mrs. J. Dennis.

Solitary Honeymoon

Continued from Page 3

BILLIE said, a little breathlessly, because she couldn't think of anything else to say, "I . . . I love you."

His eyes were dancing. "You dare do anything else," he told her.

They went out on the verandah. The African sun was a slice of crimson slipping down behind the sepiashadowed hills, leaving a legacy of gold and gleaming pink. From the garden beneath them came a bouquet of dusky scents as the evening blossoms opened in invitation to the twilight moths. Across their thoughts sped the blue flash of a kingfisher.

"It's . . . it's almost too good to be true," murmured Billie.

"What is?"

"Oh, this—this view, and . . ."

"Nothing else?"

"And . . . you."

"There's a penalty for being so slow, you know."

Her lips said the penalty, generously. Her heart did cartwheels and somersaults, and when at last they were sitting in cool wicker chairs sipping feed drinks she felt there was nothing left of her at all. Jim was one of those men who just eat you up. She liked it that way.

It was after dinner that the marriage came. Billie, demure in pearly-grey georgette, smoking a gold-tipped Egyptian cigarette, scarcely heard the slithered feet of the servant moving towards them. Her eyes were on the starry sky, her thoughts . . . of Jim.

"Billie."

She looked back suddenly. He had never said "Billie" in quite that way before. "Yes?" She saw the servant standing close to him.

"Billie . . . I'm terribly sorry, my dear . . . I must leave you. A diver taken ill."

"Oh Jim, must you . . . tonight?" Her heart was no longer doing somersaults. It was just lead.

"Sorry, dear, but I must. It's a hundred miles up the coast. I shan't be back for a few days."

For a few days? Oh . . . Jim . . . He squeezed her arm, and walked sharply away, purpose in every step. She didn't try to stop him. What was the use? She knew it would be as much use as trying to push the Red Sea Hills over. When someone's ill, and you are married to a doctor—well, you have to play your part. Make out you don't mind being left alone, make out you'll be quite happy while he's away.

At the door, his case in his hand, Jim said, "It will pass quickly, sweet. Don't be unhappy . . ."

One breathless moment, while his lips were against hers, and then—the car sweeping away, the glare

from the headlamps melting into the white shine of the moonlight.

She closed the door and went inside.

"My dear, you don't mean he's gone away!" It was one of the Landon girls talking to her at the club the next morning. "But how terrible! A grass widow, and you haven't even had your honeymoon. I call it a beastly shame."

Billie nodded. "Yes, it is a shame. But when your husband is a doctor you have to remember that other people need him more than you do." She said it with a little smile. She didn't want anyone to know how hurt she was feeling. How a little voice inside her kept on saying, "He ought to be here with you. He could easily have sent another doctor. After all, he isn't the only one in Port Sudan. He ought to be here with you."

"Oh, I know all that," said the Landon girl, "but it seems a bit dreadful, doesn't it, the first night. I mean?"

Billie said, "Have a cigarette?" And afterwards she went swimming with the two Landons, cleaving through the waters as swiftly as a fish. Trying to forget . . .

"Sorry," she cried as she splashed one of the bathers. She remembered she had seen him at the reception.

"You can't go about splashing old members of the club like that, Mrs. Saunders," he retorted playfully. "I'll complain to your husband. Where is he?"

SHE shook the salt out of her eyes. "He's away—had to leave last night . . . someone ill."

"Oh. Hard luck. Well, probably see you in the club-house."

Everyone looked just the same. Pitying, embarrassed, sorry. But none of them really surprised. Or was that just fancy, a fancy born out of her sensitiveness?

Billie didn't know what to think. At home, eating a lovely lunch, she still didn't know what to think. Perhaps she was being silly, feeling it so much. After all, Jim was probably just as miserable. Only men don't usually show it. That's why he'd gone so swiftly, changed in one moment from a man in love to a man with the responsibility of a life one hundred miles away.

"After all," Billie told herself, "it was just rotten luck. That diver might quite as easily have been taken ill six months ahead as now. Of course, people don't stay well

just because a doctor is on his honeymoon."

What was the good of letting people pity her? She'd go out and show them she didn't need their pity. That Jim might be at the other end of the Sudan, but his love for her wouldn't be any the less.

How could she show them?

In the cool of sundown Billie stepped out, took a taxi, and drove to the coral gardens. That was the evening rendezvous. You hired a boat, with a white-turbaned native, and he rowed you over the blue waters while you peered down and saw splashes of sun-washed-pink and burnt-orange which people told you were coral. Everyone would see her there. Everyone would stop feeling sorry when they saw that she looked more than happy. She was determined to wear happiness large all over her—happiness and gaiety—and a bright smile for the people who floated past in their boats.

That's why she'd put on her turquoise frock with red buttons, and the scarlet shoes that had meant visits to half-a-dozen shops before she had the right match. In cream and scarlet you looked gay.

"Men see coral gardens, very beautiful, very beautiful!" the boatman told her in the high-pitched voice of the natives. She stepped in daintily and the water slid past as the boat moved out over the anemone beds. They wound between other boats, and Billie smiled and waved as she recognised people. She'd show them. However much it hurt, she'd show them.

The boat moved on, and the boatman hummed an Arab ballad in the nonchalant way of his countrymen. Somehow Billie felt he was singing about romance. What a fool she was to get depressed. Why, Jim would soon be back, and then they'd both be floating over the coral gardens.

"Hello!" The bell-like voice of Lona Marcheson called to Billie.

She turned round with a start. Lona was lounging in a boat that was passing by. Lona's golden hair was blowing in the evening breeze. She looked almost too beautiful to be alive. "My dear, I've heard the news, and I think it's perfectly wonderful of you to be so cheerful. I do really—I admire you terrifically for it."

Billie's heart—it really was most unbecomingly—became a leaderless "There . . . there's nothing to admire," she said. "I'm only . . ."

"You mustn't deny it, my dear. Everyone thinks you're splendid. My father says Jim ought to be very proud of you. Now my dear please do step into my boat; your Sudanis will help you step over. And then you must come up and have dinner with us. Mother will be so pleased to see you."

Billie remembered with a sudden stab that Lona was, after all, the Colonel's daughter. And she knew that, at an outpost like Port Sudan, a doctor had to keep in with the Colonel—just had to. Otherwise, socially, he was de trop. She'd have to accept, "I'd . . . I'd love to," Billie said, a little awkwardly. And then she was being helped into the boat, and Lona was lifting one languid, carefully-manured hand to greet her.

"Isn't it odd," she said, "that I told you he'd never settle down?"

"Did you?" said Billie. "I don't think I remember." She was recovering after the first shock of meeting her again. After all, there were other Lona Marchesons in the world, and plenty of wives, even day-old wives, had to contend with them, and keep smiling.

"Oh, but my dear, surely you remember, at the reception. Even Jim agreed, and you looked so surprised. But then, when you haven't seen a man for two years it's surprising how he can change."

Billie said, "Jim hasn't changed—I'd hate a man who wasn't keen on his job."

"Do look at those anemones, just like an African sunrise, aren't they? But of course you don't know what an African sunrise is like yet. But you were saying . . . about Jim. Yes, it is nice for a man to be keen, isn't it?"

Billie decided she was rather like the cactus in the garden at home. It looked all green and lushy. You touched it, and a dozen prickles embedded themselves in your hand. Lona had hundreds of prickles waiting to be embedded. Billie was afraid, in her hands or was it more appropriate to say her heart?

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—"There'll always be an England." It's the popular song hit of the day, and it was written by—

G. Vaughan — Lionel Monckton — R. Parker and H. Charles — Eric Coates — V. Desmond — Noel Coward.

2.—Talking of music, can you pick the stringed musical instrument among these?

Harmonium — spinet — lympanium — oboe — zither.

3.—If your Scandinavian geography is all it ought to be, you'll know at once that Copenhagen stands on the Danish mainland—On an island.

4.—Nothing like cloves to make just that subtle difference to your cooking. They come from the clove tree, of course, and are actually the

Dried flower buds — Dried bark — Dried berries — Dried seeds.

5.—"W.A.N.S." is the name of the splendid new war workers' association organised by Lady Wakehurst. The initials stand for—

Women's Australian National Society — Women's Association for National Security — Women's

Australian National Services — Women's Aid for National Service.

6.—If your star is in the ascendant, that means it—

Is rising — Has just risen — Has just reached its highest point—Is about to set.

7.—"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff." Fine fighting words, those, written by Shakespeare in—

Julius Caesar — Hamlet — The Merchant of Venice — Henry V — Richard III.

8.—There was no mystery about the guest who came to the fancy-dress ball wearing a sarong. Everyone knew at once that he had come as a—

Tibetan — Korean — Malay — Chinese — Pathan.

9.—Take it steadily, and it's quite simple. If a building bears the legend MLXVI, it was built in—

1066 — 1516 — 1606 — 1566 — 1804.

10.—Know anything about turpentine? If so, you are doubtless aware that it is obtained from, or is—

Cool tar — Crude oil — Wood pulp — A resinous substance secured from certain trees.

Answers on Page 20

Dinner at the Marchesons' was crisply formal. The Colonel, sun-bitten and hearty, spoke of the last time he was on leave, the next time he would be on leave, and the transfer he was expecting . . . to Cairo. Mrs. Marcheson inquired about Jim. "I'm so sorry for you," she said. "I always think that men like Jim shouldn't really get married. They haven't time for it. It's unfair on the wife."

Billie denied it. Not so vigorously as she expected to. Somehow her voice didn't sound quite so certain as she would have wished. Mrs. Marcheson had spoken sincerely, and it was difficult to contradict briskly without appearing a little curt.

"Oh, but my dear," Mrs. Marcheson replied, "I know exactly how lonely you must be feeling. Please call and see us whenever you feel in need of company, won't you?"

"Rather," echoed the Colonel, heavily.

Billie said, "It's very kind of you, but I expect Jim will be back quite soon."

She left early, and was taken home in the Marchesons' car. As she stepped out a man went past her in a wheel-chair. A little shudder ran through her as she saw the man's figure, twisted and bent, his head sagging forward. It was horrible to watch someone suffering, and to see the slim scrap of a woman who was pushing him along the street. Obviously his wife.

Billie averted her eyes and ran indoors.

The days passed into a week; and still Jim had not returned. Billie's forced gaiety was gradually disappearing. Down at the club people said well-meaning things which only made her feel worse. The Landon girls informed her that the case must be serious because Jim had never been away from Port Sudan so long before. Cold comfort. And at the Marchesons' house—she had been there three times since that night she had met Lona—they had insisted on criticising Jim for going himself instead of sending another doctor.

"Trouble is, he thinks he's the only doctor in the Sudan," the Colonel said with a cough.

People sent her invitations. Names which didn't mean anything, except that one more person knew she had been deserted and pitied her. Yes, she had begun to use that word now. Deserted was a horrible

word, but after a week of trying to brave things out you might as well admit to yourself the truth. It wasn't only the Colonel who had suggested there was no need for Jim to have gone. Other people, casual acquaintances at the club, on the tennis courts, swimming—they'd all criticised Jim. At first Billie had been hotly resentful, but now she was beginning to believe they were right. There had been no message from Jim, no indication of when she might expect him.

One night the Landon girls were more than usually informative. "We heard you were at the Marchesons' last night. Mrs. Marcheson is awfully sweet, isn't she?"

Billie nodded. The Marchesons were far away from her thoughts.

"I suppose you had heard about Lona before you came out here?" the youngest Landon asked.

Billie came back to the club-room. "Heard?"

Please turn to Page 20

You Will Put On Flabby Fat

If You are Constipated

Supping flabby fat grows rapidly on people who suffer from constipation. The retention of digestive wastes and poisons in the system causes unhealthy fat, with loss of fitness, good looks, figure, and brings a crop of unpleasant ailments. Flatulence, sick headache, liverthrosis, pimples, bad breath and depression being just a few.

Get back your fitness and slenderness by correcting constipation. Pinkettes are ideal for the purpose. These gentle little laxative pills naturally and effectively clear away the waste accumulation, without gripping and purging. Composed of safe, harmless vegetable ingredients, Pinkettes painlessly strengthen and exercise lazy bowels, stir the liver, assure a good flow of bile which is essential for the proper regular evacuation of food wastes. Disperses constipation and unhealthy fat by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

FALSE TEETH Can Not Embarrass

Most wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their teeth dropped or slipped at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little PASTEETH on your plates. Makes false teeth stay in place and feel comfortable. Sweetens breath. Get PASTEETH at any chemist (large or small size).



LIPS of LOVE

Soft but not greasy—Alluring but not painted

Men thrill to the tempting softness of Tangee lips. They hate harsh, greasy, painted lips!

Tangee is the lipstick that can't give a painted look. It isn't paint! Orange in the stick, Tangee magically changes color on your lips to bluish-rose. Smooth it on a second time and they become a rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical. Made with a special cream base Tangee goes on smoothly, stays on longer.

Invite romance, let Tangee keep your lips soft, natural, youthful looking.

For radiant natural color in cheeks use Tangee Rouge (Crema or Compact). And Tangee Powder gives your skin a fascinating underglow.

Discover your individual beauty. Try Tangee make-up tonight.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

HAVE A GLASS OF

GUINNESS

WHEN YOU'RE TIRED

At all Hotels and Spirit Stores



MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"If you can't learn to say Dan instead of Nick, I'll wring your darned neck!"



OFFICE BOY: A lady outside demands to see you.
CHIEF: Demands? Um-er, let my wife come in.



NERVOUS PASSENGER (TO CAPTAIN): What would happen if we struck an iceberg?
CAPTAIN: Madam, the iceberg would go on as if nothing had happened.

Some NEW LAUGHS



"Why don't you hold the hammer in both hands, Daddy? Then you wouldn't hit your thumb!"

Put An End To Those CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES With The Aid Of

Zam-Buk

ARE you subject to annoying chilblains every time there's a return of cold weather? It's not only the pain and discomfort you have to contend with, but there's always a danger of chilblains breaking open and becoming septic.

You can be free from chilblains all winter if you follow this easy treatment. Give your feet and hands a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment. This restores circulation, ends

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

and where the skin is broken gives complete antiseptic protection. If your feet are aching and tired, or you have corns and hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus aching joints, ankles, toes and feet are soothed and strengthened by Zam-Buk and foot comfort is assured. Get a box of Zam-Buk to-day!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists and Stores.



"The chilblains on my feet and hands itched continually and eventually broke out. Zam-Buk proved very soothing and healing, and I was soon free from chilblains." Mrs. E. Hayer.

"I've got new feet! Washing them every night in warm water and using Zam-Buk brought astounding relief, and pain and inflammation are gone. I now walk or stand with ease." Miss L. Phillips.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"YES," said the bumptious young man, "I'm a very good thought reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."
"In that case," said his bored listener, "I beg your pardon."

"I WAS outspoken at the meeting of the women's club to-day," remarked Mrs. Jones.
"Hm-m!" hm-m'd her friend. "Who outspokened you?"

"THERE'S a man outside, sir, who wants to see you about a bill you owe him."
"What does he look like?"
"Well, he looks like you'd better pay it."

BOSS: You're twenty minutes late again. Don't you know what time we start at this factory?
New Employee: No, sir; they're always at work when I get here.

"I BET I can make a worse face than you."
"But look at the face you've got to start with."

"YOUR wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?"
"Very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it."

The Case of MARCIA B—



CASE: No. 7878 AGE: 24
NAME: Marcia B—
OCCUPATION: Typiste.
SYMPTOMS: Irregular bowel action. Signs of chronic indigestion. Frequent headaches. Nervousness. Blochy complexion. Sleeps badly. Lack of energy.
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation. Marked evidence of absorption of toxins (poisons) into bloodstream—gradually undermining whole system.
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

YOUR CHEMIST ALSO RECOMMENDS NYAL ESTERIN FOR HEADACHES, 1/3

Nyal Figsen is NOT a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and naturally — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even delicate people. Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets, 1/3

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

"D

Jim was supposed to be going to marry her? Why, everyone thought she'd got him right under her thumb. He'd do anything for her. She had an awful shock when he came back and announced he was engaged to you."

"Oh."

"She's never got over it, you know."

Said the eldest Landon girl: "You should stick your claws out, when you're with her."

Billie said: "Oh... I say, what about another swim?"

She could seem to dismiss it lightly. The Landon girls were trying to be nice, trying to warn her. But when she was home, alone, then her little world would topple all round her.

When she was home, it did more than topple. It shook and it cracked and it crashed. It was all very plain now. Jim still cared for Lona. That was why he was keeping away from Port Sudan. He couldn't bear to look at her and then at Lona and see the mistake he had made. Of course he'd just been carried away while he was in England. And then, he'd been true to his bond, just because... well, Jim was that sort of man.

Or perhaps her imagination was running away with her. Billie wasn't sure. And when you're alone it's so easy for your imagination to run away as fast as the Flying Scotman.

She went out and stood on the verandah.

Solitary Honeymoon

Continued from Page 18

The moon was riding in full sail across a velvet sea. The dry night-breeze caressed the sleeping flowers and wafted the heavy scent of tamarisk into her face. She scarcely noticed it. She was thinking of Jim standing beside her after the wedding. Jim looking at the sun slipping down behind the hills.

Suddenly she hated them. She hated everything, her home, the people she met, the hot dusty streets, the tropical sun. In the morning the hate was still there, only you couldn't put your finger on it. It was dormant, waiting to be awakened.

The shipping office did the awakening. Billie stopped idly by its gaily-postered window. "Sailings for England." Idly, too, her eyes fixed themselves on a ship leaving in two days' time. It stuck in her mind. All day she remembered it, and all day she told herself to forget it. "But I know I hate everything here—everything Port Sudan stands for," she told herself, "otherwise I shouldn't be thinking about that ship so much."

And because it was so hot, and it all seemed so hopeless, she took out her handkerchief and had a good cry.

Lona called that evening. Lona smoked a slim cigarette in an ebony and mother-of-pearl holder, and Lona said: "My dear, I can see... you've been crying." Which, of

course, made Billie want to cry all over again.

"Do cheer up, my dear." She made an effective pause. "I have news for you."

"News?"

Lona smiled. It wasn't a very nice smile. "It's about Jim," she said. "He'll be back in four days' time."

Billie clenched her hands until they hurt. "That's wonderful. How do you know?"

Lona stubbed out her cigarette, and delicately removed the end from its holder. She flicked some imaginary ash from her silk dress.

"Because, my dear, I've told him to come back. You needn't look so surprised. I think I was very kind to think of it. Father's had to go up the coast to inspect a station, and I've sent a letter by him telling Jim how miserable you are and that he'd better return. After all, it's difficult for you to manage Jim when you've known him for such a little time, but I've always had great influence over him. He'll come back at once, my dear, when he reads my note."

"How dare you!" Billie exploded. "I don't understand. I thought you'd be so happy. But perhaps you feel differently about Jim now?"

Billie said: "I believe your car is waiting outside."

When Lona had gone she found she could not cry. It was beyond



Smart
and
novel

THIS SUIT for young things was designed by Jacques Heim in brown wool, with a trim of white patent crosses on the neat little jacket.

Ample stocks available of

Lovely, Hemstitched PILLOWSLIPS
FREE for 36 WRAPPER-TOPS FROM ONLY 12 SUNLIGHT CARTONS



Fine, snow-white pillowslips—smooth to your hand, soft and cool to your cheek! Sure to fit your favourite pillows because they're a good big size—21 by 31½ inches. And they're free! Isn't the hemstitching neat? You'll adore the dainty embroidery, too—a pretty leaf motif. If you like good quality bed-linen, start saving for these pillowslips now.



MORE GOOD GIFTS FOR GOOD HOUSEWIVES!

BATHTOWEL 23" x 32", 24 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 18 Sunlight Cartons.
GLASSCLOTH 44" x 44", 22 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 18 Sunlight Cartons.
BATHTOWEL Coloured—23" x 44", 45 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 18 Sunlight Cartons.
BREAKFAST CLOTH 44" x 44", 22 Sunlight wrapper-tops from only 18 Sunlight Cartons.

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"—three in each carton). Take these to—

LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT
147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, write on a small piece of paper, your name, address and gift required, enclose with wrapper-tops and address to: **SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT, LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4310 Y.Y. G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

MANY OTHER FINE GIFTS AVAILABLE
Write to above address for Full Gift List

A LEVER PRODUCT

L29.17

tears. The ignominy of it. Lona bringing Jim back to her. Lona... She's done it just to show her that she still had Jim under her thumb and could do as she liked with him. Two days her father would take to get there. And Jim would be two days getting back. Billie decided, quite suddenly, that she wouldn't be there when Jim came back, returned to her by the "other woman." Lona might as well have said: "I know I can't have him now. He's married you, but I'm going to have such fun showing you just how easily he obeys, my slightest command."

Billie knew, as she slipped under the mosquito net, that she would be sailing in the boat that left in two days' time. And when she came back to England they'd all say, "We told you so." Well, it was better to put up with that than to wait for Jim to be sent back to her.

The slumbered servant moved into the room.

"Ladée wish see you," he informed Billie. It was two days later and

The answer is—

- 1—R. Parker and H. Charles.
- 2—Zither.
- 3—On an island (Zealand).
- 4—Dried flower buds.
- 5—Women's Australian National Service.
- 6—Is rising.
- 7—Julius Caesar.
- 8—Malay.
- 9—1906.
- 10—A resinous substance obtained from certain trees.

Questions on Page 18.

the boat was sailing at dusk. She would go aboard in the darkness when few people would see her leave.

"Ladée wish see you badly," the black face told her with a pearly grin.

The woman who was shown in was thin and not very well dressed. Dark circles made by sleepless nights shadowed her eyes. Her face was drawn.

"I'm sorry to call and interrupt you, Madam," she said, in a soft, hesitating little voice. Billie said: "Please sit down. And tell me what the matter is."

"Oh, Madam, there's nothing the matter. I've only come to thank you. My name's Robbins, Madam."

"Robbins?" Billie repeated, quite bewildered.

"Yes, Madam. It's my husband as was taken ill up on the coast. Terrible ill he was. Had the 'bends.' All divers are likely to get it, but he had it worse than many. I thought he was going to die, Madam, I did."

Tears came into her eyes. She faltered, "I just can't believe he's still alive, Madam, and over what they call the crisis. I had to come and thank you for sparing my husband. You see, Madam, he's the only doctor on this coast who knows how to cure divers of the 'bends.' And, Madam, he'd stayed by my husband's side day and night... wouldn't scarcely eat, he looked after him so proper..."

Billie's voice refused to come. "And two days ago, Madam, Dr. Saunders told me my husband was cured, and he said he was going back to Port Sudan and I was to go with him and he'd give me fresh medicines to take back for my hus-

band. And then, Madam, I found out how kind you were to let him come to my husband and leave you the day he got married, so that you didn't have a honeymoon, and so I've come up here to thank you."

"Wh... where is my husband?" Billie asked softly.

"He's down at the chemist's, Madam, getting the medicines."

The woman was standing up, ready to go. Billie watched her as she looked out of the window. "Oh, Madam..." she said, in a sudden frightened voice. "Look!"

Billie looked and saw the frail little woman pushing the man in the wheel-chair. She wanted to avert her eyes, as she had done before, but the woman's gaze was riveted on the figure in the chair.

"Oh, Madam, that man's had the 'bends.' That's how they go with it if they can't get the right doctor."

Billie's arm was round her shoulders. "Don't worry now," she murmured. "Everything's going to be all right."

"Oh yes, Madam, thank you... thank you ever so."

Billie said: "Please sit down again. You must have some tea."

She walked out of the room into the marble-floored hall. With a sudden burst of happiness she threw her arms open wide. How silly she'd been. How utterly impossibly silly. Any moment the front door would open and Jim would be there. The same dear Jim who had left her because there was such grand work to do. She'd never mind now how often he had to go away. She understood now. That note from Lona would reach that place on the coast to-day. Jim would never have it. Lona had not brought him back to her. He'd returned because his job of work was finished, gloriously finished. No sooner—no later.

She went to the door, and opened it wide. Outside was the blaze of the sunshine; but it was dull shadow compared with the flooding joy in her own heart. Soon Jim would be in sight. He mustn't see that she had worried.

(Copyright)

Had Pimples On Her Face

She Was Anaemic and Nery

"I found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills very good for pimples," states Miss G.P.O., of St. Helens, Tasmania. "I had a lot of unsightly blotches and spots on my face. I have been working very hard and became nervous and run-down. My nerves were very bad."

"My mother told me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and, after taking a few bottles, I now feel very fit and well. My nerves are much better and all the pimples have disappeared."

Young anaemic girls with pale, pimply faces regularly say they derive the utmost benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Pimples and sallow complexion are frequently due to poverty of blood, which also causes anaemic mien and nervous troubles. These symptoms are destructive to fitness and attractive looks. If you suffer, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, for they rapidly help to make rich, red blood which will clear your skin of ugly blemishes and strengthen your nerves and system throughout. At chemists and stores, 2/- bottle.

ROBUR COMPETITION

(W. Weekly, May 18)

All Prize Winners will be notified by post before July 18.

Unsuccessful entrants may obtain list of winners on request to

ROBUR, Box 432, G.P.O., Melbourne, after July 18.

COOKERY BOOK... *For Winter*

July 13, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



*T*HE Australian Women's Weekly presents this cookery book for winter to stimulate interest in one of the most essential services—the work of the housewife on the kitchen front.

It's the housewife who keeps the home fires burning and the home front workers in good heart.

These pages can be lifted out and kept as a cookery book. Contents range from party dinners like the one pictured here to economical but none the less appetising menus designed to make the most of soldiers' pay or reduced incomes.

DINNER FOR FOUR

(Illustrated)

Tomato and Apple Cream
Roast Chicken and Bread Sauce
Potato Crisps Grilled Bacon
Peas Savory Tomatoes Sprouts
Walnut Gateau

Recipes on next page.



BAKED savory apple.

MENU No. 1

Consomme Royal
Fried Turban of Whiting
and Hollandaise Sauce
Roast Leg of Pork
*Baked Savory Apples
Green Peas
Baked Parsnips & Potatoes
*Asparagus Salad
*Strawberry Princess Gateau
Caramel Custards

Make your name as a DINNER HOSTESS

If you decide to add a dash of sophisticated novelty to the dinner table one night when you're playing hostess, warn your husband in advance. He's sure to ruin your poise by remarking blandly, "I've never seen an apple look like that before." So embarrassing!

THE menus here are for the occasions when you wish to serve a dinner with a flavor of formality. There's nothing too difficult for the home cook, but attractively presented such meals will enhance your reputation as a hostess.

BAKED SAVORY APPLES

Six small red apples, 3 teaspoons finely-minced onion, good pinch powdered sage, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, squeeze lemon, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Remove cores from apples, but do not cut a hole right through. Cut

skin round the middle of apples. Mix all ingredients together and fill the apples. Bake until soft in moderate oven.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

Six rings cut from firm egg tomatoes or lemons, 1 small tin asparagus, lettuce leaves, French dressing and tomato sauce.

Cut rings about one-third inch wide, remove pulp from tomatoes or lemons, leaving only the peel. Slip about 4 stalks of asparagus through each ring and arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Place each serving on a salad plate or arrange all attractively on a platter with serving-spoon and fork. Serve with French dressing to which a little tomato sauce has been added.



ORDINARY VEGETABLES

look twice as interesting if presented attractively.

STRAWBERRY PRINCESS GATEAU

For Almond Shell: Three ounces ground almonds, 4oz. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 stiffly-beaten egg-white.

Mix dry ingredients together gradually, add just sufficient egg-white to mix into a stiff dough. Place on a floured board, and roll out thinly. Cut out sharply, and line well-buttered patty tins. Prick well and press sides with a fork. Cook in a very moderate oven (325deg. F.) for 5 minutes until a golden brown. (These burn very easily.) Remove from patty tins at once. If allowed to cool and set they break.

Strawberry Cream Filling: One punnet of strawberries, 1 gill cream, castor sugar to sweeten.

Reserve the best strawberries to decorate gâteau. Crush remainder. Whip cream stiffly, add sugar and crushed strawberries. Fill almond shells just before serving and decorate top with whole strawberries.

OYSTERS MORNAÏ

Two dozen oysters, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 pint milk, fine breadcrumbs, lemon juice, salt and cayenne, finely grated dry cheese.

Melt butter, add flour, and cook for 2 minutes. Add milk and stir until mixture boils and thickens; flavor to taste with lemon, salt and cayenne and add the bearded oysters. Prepare individual scallop by greasing with butter and sprinkling with breadcrumbs. Add oyster mixture and sprinkle with breadcrumbs and cheese. Brown in a hot oven (400deg. F.) for 10 minutes, or place under the grill until lightly browned. Serve hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

ORANGE SALAD

Three sliced oranges, 1 teaspoon olive oil, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, lettuce leaves.

Sprinkle sliced oranges with oil, sugar, parsley and salt, and leave to flavor for 1 hour. Serve a few slices on a lettuce leaf.

MENU No. 2

Grapefruit Cocktail
*Oysters Mornay
Roast Duck *Orange Salad
Green Peas and Baked Potatoes
*Port Wine Sauce
*Steamed Vanilla Souffle

PORT WINE SAUCE

One piece carrot, turnip, onion, and celery, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 bunch herbs, 3 cloves, piece mace, 1½ pints stock, salt and pepper, bacon rinds, 1 gill port wine.

Melt fat, fry vegetables which have been cut up roughly, when nicely browned add flour, and when it is browned add stock and simmer 20 minutes, strain, remove any fat. Re-heat with 1 gill port wine.

STEAMED VANILLA SOUFFLE

One ounce flour, 1 gill milk, 1oz. castor sugar, 3 yolks and 4 whites of eggs, ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence, pinch salt, 1½oz. butter.

Prepare a buttered mould by pinning a double paper band round it to support the souffle when it rises. Butter paper on both sides to cover top of mould. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, and stir till smooth, cook slightly, pour in milk, and stir till boiling. Add sugar and vanilla.

Add well-beaten yolks one at a time. Have whites of 4 eggs beaten stiffly and stir in as lightly as possible. (The mixture should be thin enough to pour into mould. If necessary add more milk.)

Pour into prepared mould and steam carefully 35 to 40 minutes. Turn out onto a hot dish. Serve immediately with marmalade sauce or sherry fluff sauce.

"Do you think I'm an Ostrich?"

YOU KNOW I CAN'T DIGEST STEAMED PUDDING"



NEXT MORNING

WELL MYRA, I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, I WAS PREPARED FOR A BAD NIGHT... BUT I NEVER SLEPT BETTER IN MY LIFE! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE TRIP TO TOWN TODAY?

AUNT EMILY BOUGHT IT FOR ME DICK! SHE'S SIMPLY THRILLED AT BEING ABLE TO EAT STEAMED PUDDING AGAIN. AND SHE'S TELLING HER COOK ABOUT COPHA.



Myra's Recipe for RUSSET PUDDING with RURAL SAUCE

4ozs. Self-Raising Flour
2ozs. COPHA About ¼ cup Milk
Pinch of Salt 1 teaspoon of Lemon Juice
2 medium-sized Apples
3ozs. Brown Sugar 1 Clove

Roll softened Copha lightly into flour and make to fairly soft dough with milk, salt and lemon juice. Roll out on board and cover with small pieces of raw, peeled apple. Sprinkle with brown sugar, add cloves and roll up as for lemon roll. Press into greased basin, leaving plenty of room (the basin should be little more than half full). Pour Rural Sauce over pudding (see recipe below). Cover with greaseproof paper and bake for 40 to 50 minutes in medium oven. Serve hot. (This pudding may be boiled. In this case, use half self-raising flour and half plain flour. Boil for 1½ hours.)

RURAL SAUCE

4ozs. Brown Sugar 1oz. COPHA
3 tablespoons boiling Water Essence of Vanilla
Heat together

COPHA MAKES PUDDINGS LIGHTER—EASY TO DIGEST

Cut out and paste in recipe book

Just why does COPHA make such digestible puddings?

Well, Copha is a pure, all-vegetable shortening. And that means puddings are entirely free from the greasy taste that causes a heavy feeling afterwards. Why, they just melt in your mouth! Try it yourself. It creams up quickly, mixes in easily. And there's nothing in Copha to hide the mingled goodness of all your other ingredients. Buy the economical 1 lb. packet—it will keep fresh till you need it.

The pure all-vegetable shortening for more digestible dishes.



C.2.17N

DINNER FOR FOUR

Illustrated in color on previous page

THE dinner for four photographed in color on the cover of this cookery book shows what can be done with comparatively familiar food presented with taste and artistry.

The menu was specially designed by our cookery expert to present no problems even to an inexperienced cook and it was chosen to be photographed because the colored picture is so vividly explanatory that only the two following recipes are needed:

TOMATO AND APPLE CREAM

One pound tomatoes, or 1 tin tomatoes, 3 apples, 1 pint milk, 1 onion, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 bunch herbs, 4 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, few pieces of bacon rind, little sugar if liked, 1 pint cream.

Peel and slice onion, and fry it in the butter for 3 minutes, but do not brown. Add tomatoes and apples sliced, the herbs, peppercorns and stock. Bring to boil, simmer 1 hour, then rub through a sieve. Return to saucepan, blend the flour with the milk; add to puree and stir over fire till it comes to the boil. Simmer for 3 minutes; add salt and sugar if required. Whip cream. Serve soup

in hot coupe and place spoonful of cream on top.

WALNUT CREAM GATEAU

Cake: Four eggs, 1 breakfast cup sugar, 1 level teaspoon arrowroot, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 heaped teaspoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 rounded cup plain flour, pinch salt.

Sift flour, arrowroot and baking powder 3 times. Separate whites from yolks, add salt to whites and beat till stiff. Add yolks and beat 5 minutes, add sugar gradually. Place butter and water on to boil. Fold sifted flour into mixture with a tablespoon, then add butter and water. Stir lightly and evenly. Pour into a depressed cake tin and bake at 400deg. F. for 20 minutes.

Filling: Half pint whipped cream, 1 dessertspoon rum, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, cherries and angelica to decorate.

Add sugar to cream and rum a little at a time till the desired flavor. Spread sides of cake with cream and have nuts on a long piece of paper and roll the cake along the nuts until the sides are covered. Fill with the cream and walnuts and decorate with cherries and angelica.



USE A STAINLESS KNIFE for cutting citrus fruits and a wooden spoon for stirring the jams you'll make from such a basket of oranges, lemons, and grapefruit.

STOCK your pantry shelves from the CITRUS CROP

The answer is a lemon—and an orange and a grapefruit—if you're inquiring for a means to keep up the stock of jams and preserves in your larder. The citrus crop supplies the main ingredients for the recipes on this page.

DON'T confine your jam-making from citrus fruits to one or two favorite recipes. Citrus jams cover a whole range of flavors from the sharp, tart tang of the marmalade that Scots prefer to richly sweet conserves composed of thick orange rings.

ORANGE JELLY

Peel oranges, remove the white part, cut oranges into quarters. Remove the seeds. Allow one cup water to each large orange or four quarts of water to 12 large oranges. Let it stand overnight.

In the morning boil till soft—about 1 hour—and check by the pectin test. Strain through a jelly-bag. Allow 1 cup sugar to each cup of liquid. Boil quickly without stirring, remove scum as it rises.

Boil to 218deg. F. for a soft jelly and 230deg. F. for a stiff jelly, or test frequently in the usual way on a cold saucer. Pour into warmed jars while jelly is hot.

GOLDEN SHRED MARMALADE

Three Seville oranges, 3 sweet oranges or 6 sweet oranges if preferred, 4 large lemons, sugar and water.

Cut the outside of peel of oranges into shreds, measuring two cupfuls. Place in basin and cover with water.

Cut up roughly the remainder of oranges. Keep seeds in separate basin and cover with water. Place oranges in preserving-pan and cover with water, using 2 cups of water to every cup of orange. Add lemon juice and allow to stand overnight.

Next day bring to boil slowly and boil steadily about 2 hours. Add water and jelly from seeds as soon as jam is hot. Boil shreds in separate saucepan until tender.

Test liquid for pectin, and if ready strain through jelly-bag. Measure liquid and return to clean preserving-pan. While hot add 1 cup crystal sugar to every cup of juice. When sugar has dissolved add shreds and boil steadily without stirring for 20 minutes (to 218-220deg. F.) or until it sets when tested on a cold saucer.

Pour into jars when it has cooled; if bottled hot the shreds rise to the

surface. After bottling the shreds may be placed in position by using a knitting-needle. When cold, seal and label.

LEMON SHRED

Make as for Golden Shred Marmalade, but use all lemons instead of lemons and oranges.

JELLIED ORANGE SLICE

Six medium-sized oranges, crystal sugar, and water.

Wipe oranges and cut into thick slices. To every pound of oranges allow 3 pints water and 1½ lb. sugar.

Cover fruit with the water and leave to soak for 12 hours. Bring to the boil and stand aside 6 hours; boil again and leave for another 6 hours, making 24 hours in all.

Now bring to boil and boil steadily without stirring until rind is soft. Test liquid for pectin.

Lift slices out very carefully. Strain liquid through a cloth.

Return liquid to pan with heated sugar, and when boiling add the orange slices and cook steadily until it jellies on a cold saucer. Bottle carefully and avoid breaking slices of orange.

SWEET ORANGE JAM

Allow one pint water and one pound sugar to each orange. Cut oranges into thin slices, pour the boiling water over them, and leave for 24 hours. Cook till fruit is tender, then add heated sugar and boil till it jellies.

ST. CLEMENT'S MARMALADE

Three oranges, 3 lemons, water and crystal sugar.

Wash and cut each fruit into four, then cut into shreds with a sharp knife. To each cup of shredded fruit

CHOOSE fruit slightly under-ripe. It then contains more pectin—the jelly substance. In fully ripened fruit the pectin is converted into sugar.

Long soaking, boiling for a short time, and then setting aside to become cold produce a clear marmalade.

Use crystal or loaf sugar or brewers' crystals—the syrup will be clearer.

Boil marmalade steadily all the time; skim frequently, and avoid unnecessary stirring as it clouds the syrup. Always use a wooden spoon.

To test when ready for straining through a jelly bag apply—

THE PECTIN TEST

Place 2 teaspoons of methylated spirit into an egg-cup and add 1 teaspoon of the boiling liquid. Allow to remain quite still for about two minutes. If a thick jelly is formed the marmalade is ready for addition of sugar, or the jelly for straining. If it does not set into a jelly continue to boil, then test again. This sure test is well worth the few minutes it takes.

allow 3 cups of water. Place in a preserving-pan and set aside to soak for 24 hours.

Place preserving-pan on stove and let come to the boil; boil quickly for 10 minutes. Set aside again to cool for 24 hours. Measure the mixture, and to every cupful of pulp allow the same amount of sugar, and one extra cupful. Put on the stove and cook until the usual tests show that it will jell.

CITRON MARMALADE

Three large citrons, 3 quarts water, 4½ lb. crystal sugar.

Cut fruit into quarters, lengthwise. Remove pulp, squeeze juice, but reject seeds and pulp. Shred

the peel finely and put into a pan with water and stand all night.

Next morning strain water off. Put peel back in pan, add three quarts fresh water and allow to stand 24 hours; then add juice and boil till tender. Allow to cool; boil again and add sugar. Continue to boil until cooked.

GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Six grapefruit, 2½ quarts water, crystal sugar.

Slice grapefruit thinly, remove pips; add water and boil about 20 minutes. Allow to stand 24 hours. Bring to boil again, add one cup sugar to every cup of fruit. Boil until it jellies.



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HOME FIRES...

*Planned menus
to make economy easy and
the results most appetising*

● Every man who rallies to the colors leaves some family budget the leaner for his going, so this set of menus for a full week has been worked out to help balance such budgets. It should also prove useful to housewives who wish to save the shillings they need for war-work. The dinner menus are arranged so that the whole meal is cooked either in the oven or on the top of the stove to save gas. All dishes listed are nourishing and satisfying as well as appetising and inexpensive.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

*Rice with Raisins
Toast and Marmalade
Coffee
☆ ☆ ☆

Dinner

*Minted Orange Slices
*Colonial Goose
Baked Pumpkin and Potatoes
Green Peas
*Lemon Cream Tart

Tea

Cold Roast and Chutney
Mixed Green Salad
Sultana Tea Cake
☆ ☆ ☆

COLONIAL GOOSE (Illustrated)

Shoulder or breast of mutton, 1 large cooked onion, 2oz. breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon sage, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, stock or gravy, dripping, seasoning.

Prepare the meat by removing the bone and rubbing over with salt. To make the stuffing, chop the onion finely, then add the crumbs, herbs, and seasoning and moisten with stock or gravy. Lay the stuffing over the meat and sew up the joint and skewer or tie in shape. Put into a hot oven for the first ten minutes. Baste well, then reduce the heat to moderate and allow 20 minutes for each pound of meat and 20 minutes over.

MINTED ORANGE SLICES

Cut three oranges into slices. Sprinkle with a little sugar and

finely-chopped mint, arrange a few slices on small plates and serve with sprig of mint.

LEMON CREAM TART

Pastry Shell: 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, a little milk.

Rub butter well through flour, add sugar; add beaten egg and milk. Roll out and line a large tart plate. Prick well, decorate edge and bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 15 minutes. When cool, fill with the following:

Lemon Jelly Filling: Juice and rind of 1 large lemon, ½ cup sugar, 1 small cup water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon arrowroot.

Blend arrowroot with a little of the water. Place remainder, with sugar, butter, rind, and juice, on to boil; add arrowroot and boil 5 minutes. When nearly cold, fill tart. Then cover with this cream layer:

Vanilla Cream Layer: 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot (blended), 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, vanilla and coconut.

Bring milk to boil, add blended arrowroot; boil 3 minutes. Beat butter and icing sugar and add arrowroot mixture in small spoonfuls and beat until creamy. Add vanilla. Cover lemon jelly with cream and sprinkle with coconut.

RICE WITH RAISINS

Four ounces rice, 1pt. water, 1pt. milk or milk and water, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup seeded raisins.

Wash rice, put in saucepan with the water, cook till water is absorbed. Add milk and sugar, simmer 15 minutes, then add raisins and cook another 10 minutes. Serve in porridge plates.

MONDAY

Breakfast

Breakfast Cereal with Brown Sugar
Meat Fritters

CANADIAN CASSEROLE OF CHOPS

One and a half pounds leg chops, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons pearl barley, 1 tin tomato soup, ½ pint stock or milk, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Grease a casserole, cut chops into 3 pieces, cut onion into slices, wash barley. Place chops on bottom of casserole, put sliced onion on each piece, then barley, parsley, salt and pepper. Pour over all the tomato soup, and add stock or milk. Place on the lid, and simmer gently 1½-2 hours; add more liquid if necessary.

APPLE CROW'S NEST (Illustrated)

One pound apples, 4oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 5oz. sugar, 3oz. margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, cinnamon and nuts if liked.

Peel the apples and slice into a

Luncheon

Lentil Soup
Brown Bread and Conserve

Dinner

*Canadian Casserole of Chops
Jacket Potatoes
*Apple Crow's Nest

greased dish. Sprinkle with 2oz. sugar and cinnamon. Sieve the flour, salt, baking powder and 2oz. sugar into a basin. Separate the white from the yolk of the egg; and beat up the yolk with the milk.

Rub the margarine or butter into the dry ingredients and mix with the egg and milk to make a soft dough. Spread the mixture over the apples and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes until the apples are tender. Turn out onto a serving dish upside down. Top with

meringue made with the white of egg and 1oz. sugar, and sprinkle with chopped nuts and cinnamon. Return to a cool oven and cook the meringue until just set.



TUESDAY

Breakfast

Porridge
Scrambled Eggs
Tea

Luncheon

Stewed Tomatoes on Fried Bread
Rolls and Honey

Dinner

*Baked Rolled Steak
*Yorkshire Puffs
Carrots and Peas in Casserole
*Baked Banana Caramel Roll

BAKED CARAMEL BANANA ROLL

One tablespoon butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 4 bananas, extra sugar, squeeze lemon juice.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, then flour, and mix into a stiff dough. Roll out rather thinly. Mash bananas, sprinkle in a little sugar and a squeeze of lemon. Spread over the pastry. Roll up and put into a pledish with 1 cup boiling milk. Bake about 20 minutes, by which time the milk should all be absorbed and the pudding light and brown.

BAKED ROLLED STEAK

One and a half pounds topside steak in one thick slice, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 small onion, finely minced, salt and pepper.

Rub dripping into breadcrumbs, add all seasonings, moisten with a little milk. Cut steak through the middle, spread the seasoning over it. Roll up like a roly-poly and tie in shape with string. Dust the top of roll with 1 tablespoon flour and 1 teaspoon sugar mixed together.

Place on a trivet in a baking dish of hot fat, cover with greased paper for 1 hour, then remove paper to allow it to brown and bake 40 minutes longer.

YORKSHIRE PUFFS

Sift 4oz. self-raising flour and 1 teaspoon salt into basin. Make a well in the middle, add egg and milk gradually and beat to a smooth batter. About 20 minutes before the meat is cooked, pour the batter into the baking dish, one spoonful at a time. When cooked place the roll on a dish with the puffs around it.

... on a wartime budget

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Boiled Rice with Golden Syrup
*Salmon Cakes
Toast
Coffee

Luncheon

*Potato Splits
Fresh Fruit
Tea
* * *

Dinner

Fried Sausages
Celery in Sauce
Creamed Potatoes
*Steamed Rainbow Pudding
*Chocolate Sauce

SALMON CAKES

One small tin salmon, 1 dessertspoon parsley, good squeeze lemon, 4 medium sized potatoes (mashed), 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, salt and cayenne, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs. Strain liquor off salmon, break up with a fork. Add potatoes, lemon juice, anchovy sauce, salt and cayenne. Moisten with salmon liquor if necessary and make into round cakes on a floured board. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs and wet fry a golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve garnished with slices of lemon.

STEAMED RAINBOW PUDDING

Six ounces flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 large egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, few drops cochineal, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, vanilla.

Butter a medium-sized pudding mould or 6 individual moulds.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten egg, then milk and

vanilla very gradually, adding a little flour if it curdles. Lightly stir in sifted flour and baking powder. Divide into 3 parts. Leave one portion plain, color one pink, and add cocoa to the other. Place plain portion into mould, then pink and cocoa on top. Cover with greased paper and steam for 1½ hours. Turn



out and serve with:—

Chocolate Sauce: Half-pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, few drops vanilla.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Put remainder on to boil with cocoa. When boiling, stir in cornflour. Cook for 3 minutes. Add sugar and vanilla.

POTATO SPLITS

(Illustrated)

Bake large potatoes in their jackets, split open, remove some of the inside, mix with grated cheese and put back to reheat. A nourishing luncheon dish that requires only a minimum of preparation.

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal Porridge and Honey
Lamb's Fry and Grilled Bacon
Rolls
Tea

Luncheon

Puffaloons and Conserve
Stewed Fruit
Coffee
* * *

Dinner

Roast Rabbit
*Bacon and Sausage Stuffing
Baked Parsnips and Potatoes
*Baked Sponge Pudding

RABBIT WITH BACON AND SAUSAGE STUFFING

Seasoning: 4 tablespoons bread-crumbs, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, grated rind ½ lemon, salt and pepper to taste, 2 bacon rashers, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 teaspoon chopped onion.

Rub dripping into the bread-crumbs, chop bacon into small pieces and add to crumbs; mix parsley, lemon rind and sausage mince and

onion together and rub into the crumbs. Bind together with egg or milk and place in the body of rabbit. Sew up.

Cover rabbit with greased paper and baste frequently, and cook 1½-2 hours. Remove paper 20 minutes before dishing to allow rabbit to brown. Serve with pan gravy.

BAKED SPONGE PUDDING

Two cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 2

tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sift flour, cream of tartar, soda and salt together 3 times. Rub in butter till fine, add sugar. Beat eggs well and add with milk. Mix into a soft dough. Bake in buttered pudding dish for 1 hour. Turn out and serve with black currant jam or golden syrup, and custard or cream.

FRIDAY

Breakfast

*Banana Porridge
Poached Eggs
Toast
Coffee

Luncheon

Pea Soup
Green Salad
Brown Bread
* * *

Dinner

Fried Fillets of Fish
Potato-Straws
Cauliflower and Sauce
*Boiled Raisin and Orange Roll
*Golden Sauce

BANANA PORRIDGE

One tablespoon cornflour, 4 bananas, 1pt. milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, a little grated nutmeg.

Blend cornflour with a little milk, put remainder on to boil, add cornflour, stir until it thickens. Add sugar and mashed bananas. Boil for five minutes, stirring all the time, until thick. Serve very hot, and sprinkle with nutmeg. An unusual porridge and very nourishing.

RAISIN AND ORANGE ROLL

Crust: 1lb. flour, 1lb. suet, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons water.

Filling: 1 cup seeded raisins, rind and juice 1 orange, golden syrup.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in finely-shredded suet. Add water sufficient to mix to a very dry stiff dough. Roll out about 1in. thick. Spread with good layer of golden syrup, cover with raisins, and sprinkle with rind and orange juice. Put into floured pudding cloth and

roll up, tie securely. Place in sufficient boiling water to float the roll. Boil steadily 2½ hours. Serve with golden sauce.

GOLDEN SAUCE

Half pint water, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, pinch salt, few drops vanilla, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

Bring water to boil, stir in arrowroot, blended with a little cold water and salt. Cook a few minutes. Add the golden syrup and a few drops of vanilla.

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal Porridge
Baked Beans on Toast
Tea
* * *

Dinner

*Sausage and Tomato Pie
French Beans
Casserole of Rhubarb and Prunes
Creamed Caramel Rice

TEA

*Diced Vegetables on Toast
Jam Tartlets
Scones
* * *



DICED VEGETABLES ON TOAST

(Illustrated)

Vegetables diced and cooked in good stock make a tasty tea dish when spread on toast. They can be added after cooking to white sauce if liked, or thickened with left-over gravy. Cooked mince-meat might be added to make a more substantial meal.

SAUSAGE AND TOMATO PIE

One pound sausages, 2 large tomatoes, 1 small onion, 1pt. stock or water, 1lb. cooked potatoes, salt and pepper.

Peel, slice, and fry the onion, boil the sausages for five minutes, then skin them and cut in halves lengthwise. Lay half in a pie-dish. Cover with fried onion and sliced tomatoes. Add pepper and salt, then place the remaining sausages and the stock in the dish and cover with a thick layer of mashed potatoes.

Smooth with a knife and then decorate with fork markings. Place small pieces of butter on top and cook in a hot oven (400deg. F.) until thoroughly heated and nicely browned, about 20 minutes.



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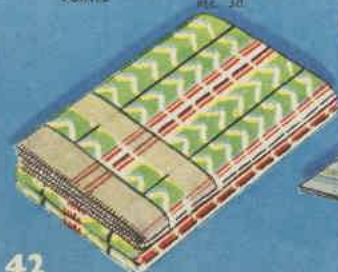


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Sanitarium
HEALTH FOODS

LET'S WHIP UP A CAKE!

Basic recipes and variations

Any cook after a satisfactory baking day is likely to be as puffed up with pride as a successful sponge sandwich. Cake-making is more fun than most cooking, and more productive of admiring compliments from the family.

SOUND basic recipes are the most important factor in baking. Frills can be added in flavorings, fillings, and icings. Recipes on this page give you the necessary basis and suggestions for variations.

BUTTER CAKE MIXTURE

Half a pound butter, 10oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, 1lb. plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, pinch salt and flavoring.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, sift flour, baking powder and salt. Beat eggs, add gradually to creamed butter and sugar. (Slightly warm the milk if very cold.) Add milk and flour alternately. Beat lightly till well mixed. Bake in a flat buttered tin, in a moderate oven (400deg. F.) for about half an hour.

VARIATIONS

To flavor cake use grated lemon or orange rind, vanilla essence or ground cinnamon. To make the cake fruity add 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup finely-chopped candied peel, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped glacé cherries.

SNOWBALLS AND CHOCOLATE BALLS

Half quantity of the butter cake mixture, 1 tablespoon chocolate or cocoa, 1lb. icing sugar, coconut.

Make the cake mixture, and put small dessertspoons of the mixture into well-heated and buttered gem tins, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

To vary the cakes add a little cocoa to half the cake mixture, and cook in the same way as the plain cakes.

For the Chocolate Balls: Make a chocolate icing, using 4oz. of the icing sugar and 1 dessertspoon cocoa, a little vanilla or sherry to flavor, and mix with about 1 table-

spoon hot water, coat the cakes all over and roll in the coconut.

For the Snowballs: Make a warm icing with rest of icing sugar, using a fruit juice such as orange juice or strained passionfruit juice for mixing the icing. Coat the cakes all over and toss in coconut.

SPONGE MIXTURE

Four eggs, 4oz. flour, 6oz. castor sugar, juice 1/2 lemon.

Butter and then dust with equal parts of sifted flour and icing sugar a deep 8in. cake tin or a large wreath cake tin.

Separate eggs, beat whites stiffly, add sugar and beat till stiff and frothy, add yolks and beat well. Add lemon juice and lightly fold in the sifted flour. Pour into prepared tin and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 35 minutes.

This sponge is used for sponge fingers and savoy cakes. It is a suitable cake for invalids and young children.

BUTTER SPONGE

Four eggs, 8oz. castor sugar, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarb. of soda, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 6 tablespoons boiling water, pinch of salt.

Butter and sprinkle with flour 2 sandwich tins 8in. in diameter.

Sift flour, salt and cream of tartar. Put butter and water in saucepan and heat slowly. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat whites till basin can be reversed without spilling them. Add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and beat till thick.

Add yolks, beat evenly through, then add sifted flour and cream of tartar. Add carb. soda to boiling water and butter and fold evenly through the mixture. Pour into prepared tins.

Bake in a moderately-heated oven (400deg. F.) for about 15-20 minutes. The cake is cooked when it leaves the side of the tin and is spongy if pressed with the finger. Turn onto sieve to cool.

This mixture may be used for various sponge layer cakes.

PEACHES

Make half quantity of butter sponge mixture, 1 gill whipped and flavored cream, 1 packet strawberry jelly crystals.

Heat and butter two sets gem tins. Place 1 dessertspoon of mixture into each (this makes the peach shape). Cook in a fairly hot oven (400 degrees F.) 10 minutes.

When cool scoop out the centre of each, fill with jam and whipped cream. Dissolve 1-3rd of jelly crystals in water and make a glaze. Brush over cakes and roll in the dry crystals. Serve with peach leaves as a garnish.

LITTLE KIDNEY POTATOES

Half quantity butter sponge mixture, some smooth jam, almond paste, white of egg, few blanched almond shreds.

Cut the sponge into small rounds, join together with jam. Make the almond paste, cut into as many

pieces as there are cakes. Roll out, brush lightly with white of egg. Cover cakes completely with the paste, making them into the shape of potatoes. Brush over with white of egg and roll in grated sweetened chocolate. Make small holes with skewers and insert strips of almond shreds to represent eyes. Place in colored paper cases to serve.

Almond Paste: 2oz. ground almonds, 6oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 dessertspoons sherry, squeeze lemon juice. A little almond essence.

Mix dry ingredients together. Mix egg-yolk, sherry and lemon juice together. Pour into dry ingredients and mix into a stiff paste. Put onto a board dusted with sifted icing, cut into small pieces and roll out large enough to cover the pieces of cake.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE (Economical)

One cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup boiling water, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, pinch of bicarbonate soda and salt, 1 egg, vanilla, 1 tablespoon cocoa.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg. Mix cocoa and milk, add soda, and beat gradually into creamed butter and sugar. Stir in lightly the sifted flour and salt, and add boiling water last of all. Cook in two medium-sized layer cake-tins that have been lightly buttered. When cold, join together with mock cream and ice with chocolate icing. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

RICH CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

Two cups brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup hot water, 2 eggs, 2 cups plain flour, scant 1/2 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate.

Dissolve chocolate in hot water. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, drop in eggs without beating, add milk and soda, then chocolate and water. Sift flour and baking powder three times and add. Beat mixture for five minutes. Cook in two 8-inch buttered sandwich-tins in moderate oven (400deg. F.) for 40 minutes. When cold, cover and fill with fudge frosting.

FUDGE FROSTING

Melt 2oz. chocolate over hot water, add 1 cup sugar, 1 large tablespoon flour, pinch of salt. Mix well till

Points to watch

Flour should be of good quality and dry. It should always be sifted two or three times.

Fine castor sugar is best for cakes, it is light to mix, and does not form lumps.

Creaming butter and sugar does not mean "rolling" as many imagine, but beating together until the mixture is of a light creamy consistency.

Time and labor are both saved if yolks and whites are beaten separately in making sponge cakes.

Baking is undoubtedly the most difficult part of cake-making. If the oven is not right, no matter how good the mixture, the cake will not be a success. A moderate oven is usually needed, but small cakes require a hot oven.

Cakes should rise evenly all over. If a cake rises very much in the centre, it shows that the oven was too hot at the beginning.

Flour should be folded into all mixtures. If stirred too quickly or too much the cake will be tough when cooked.

smooth, then add 1/3rd cup milk slowly. Stir until sugar has dissolved and cook until it forms a soft ball when tested between the fingers or 235deg. F. by thermometer. Add 3 small tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, cool and beat till it will spread without running. Fill and cover cake.

DAISY CAKE

Half a cup of butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 orange, 1 cup coconut.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs, then sifted flour, milk and vanilla. Add the grated rind and juice of a small orange. Beat whites stiffly with 1 tablespoon sugar and add coconut. Put cake mixture into a lightly greased and floured tin, spread coconut mixture on top. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 1 hour, according to thickness of cake.

This is a novelty cake that comes from the oven iced and ready for serving.



CAUGHT OUT! Children love chocolate cake, so make them the economical one for which the recipe is given on this page.



ABOVE: A quick decoration for a layer cake. Brush over with warmed jam, sprinkle with coconut and decorate with glacé cherries and walnuts.

RIGHT: Mocha-iced butter cake. To make the icing beat two tablespoons of warm water flavored with coffee essence into 1lb. of icing sugar. Sprinkle at the sides with toasted nuts.





Good luck buffet for a SOLDIER'S SEND-OFF

THIS party spread—fit to farewell a hero—has been specially designed to give the maximum of pleasure with a minimum of cooking. The hostess who gets herself all tuckered out with preparation is out of date. It's smarter to be the life of the party as well as the universal provider.

TO fix a buffet like this one and come up smiling when the guests arrive is largely a matter of organisation.

Start off a week ahead with a careful listing of your guests and some painful arithmetic about quantities. The quantity chart at the end of this article will help you.

Write down each dish and the things you will need to make or garnish it.

Then place your orders with grocer, green-grocer, and smallgoods store and arrange that deliveries of all but the most perishable goods are made the day before the party.

On that day, too, you should collect any extra glasses, china, or cutlery you need to borrow or hire.

With all this in hand, you can check your lists and so guard against omission that will throw you into a panic on the day.

Do everything that can be done the day before, especially in the cooking line.

One day ahead

NOWADAYS cakes are not very popular on buffets, but many people enjoy jellied fruits like those in the picture, individual caramel custards, and moulds. All these can be made the day before.

So can large veal and ham pies, the pastry cases for oyster or whitebait patties, ham and chicken cutlets, and potato and cheese patties. These need only to be popped into the oven and heated at the last minute.

Don't experiment with complicated new dishes for a party. You leave yourself open to disappointment and the need for hurried rearrangements of your menu if they are unsuccessful.

It is clever handling of familiar food-stuffs that makes a buffet spread successful.

Eggs for savories and garnishings can be hard-boiled the day before and colored outside by brushing with beetroot vinegar.

Lettuce can be shredded and placed in a covered bowl in the refrigerator, parsley washed and put into water to crisp.

Buffet decorations, flags, novelties, colored toothpicks, paper table-napkins and so on can be got together, glasses and silver polished, and tablecloths pressed.

The house will of course be swept and garnished and the flowers arranged so that a minimum of housework is left for the next day.

On the day itself you will have the problem of the willing helper. Usually a few of the guests announce their intention of rallying round with a helping hand, and this can be a mixed blessing without organisation.

The thing to do is to think up in advance a job for each helper, gather up whatever she'll need and fix a place for her to work.

Otherwise everyone will be jostling round a crowded kitchen and both temper and efficiency will suffer.

For instance, in the top left of the buffet picture you see a decorative arrangement of cherries, onions, and olives stuck into the top half of a pineapple.

That job could be done on a sheet of paper spread out on the sideboard or an occasional table well out of the way of workers in the kitchen.

Another helper could be set cutting items for fancy garnishings.

Gherkins can be cut as shown on the lobster dish. Slice the gherkin very thinly but not quite to the end, and spread out the slices fanwise.

Cut through the white of hard-boiled eggs zig-zag fashion to give a petal effect to the cups thus made. The yolks are set aside to be mixed with seasonings.

Olives are stoned with a sharp knife. Cut across the top of the olive, then continue cutting in a slanting direction down the olive, keeping the knife on the stone as if peeling it thinly. Cut across the other end, remove stone, and curl the olive back into shape.

Yolks can be grated and whites chopped for trimmings to salads and savories.

Cream should be whipped, seasoned or sweetened and colored according to its purpose, ready to be put on through a rose-pipe as a decoration for savories or dessert moulds.

Look at the plate of asparagus and hard-boiled egg shown in the left-hand lower corner of the picture. The eggs are decorated with ultra-fine strips of gherkin finished with tiny pieces of chilli or red pepper to suggest stalks and flowers. Not much trouble, but awfully fetching.

If there's a man about the house, set him to opening oysters. If you're not putting on oysters, send him out for a game of golf. It's better that way.

Sandwich squad

SANDWICH cutters need a large table and a good supply of knives so that flavors don't get mixed.

Organise the sandwich squad, one to butter, one to spread. Someone else can join them from time to time to trim the piles of sandwiches and wrap them in dampened tea-towels until the time comes to arrange them on trays with parsley garnishes.

As far as possible most of the dishes should be prepared in the morning—all the salad platters, lobster dishes, sandwiches, patties and so on.

Last job of all will be the trays of savories which have biscuits or toast fingers as a basis.

For these, everything to be used should be prepared in advance, so that the last-minute afternoon job is just a matter of assembling.

Lobster or crab should be sprinkled with vinegar and salt and pepper, hard-boiled eggs thinly sliced with an egg cutter, olives, pickled walnuts, gherkins, and onions sliced, spread mixed, cheese cut into convenient morsels.

Never throw away the shell of a lobster. Clean it carefully, line with greaseproof paper and paper table-napkins, and use it as a container for tiny bread rolls.

Continued overleaf





"Jiffy" dishes for busy women

So many women working at comforts depots . . . canteens . . . committees . . . and still carrying on in the kitchen. Here are dishes that can be cooked quickly or cooked in advance and heated up at the last moment, when the war workers rush home with a mere half hour left before a hungry family assembles round the table.

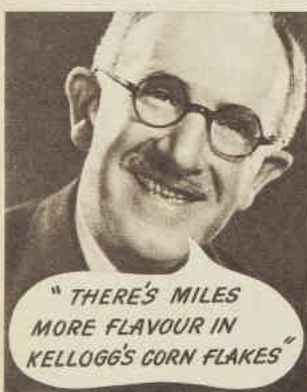
MIXED GRILL:
Best quick meal of all. Sausage, bacon, kidneys, tomato, and mushroom, crisply grilled, all served on individual covered dishes.

FILLET'S AMERICAINE. Cut 1 tomatoes in halves, scoop out, place a rolled fillet in each. Bake 20 minutes under greased paper in moderate oven.

"Miles More Flavour in KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES"

— agree the Johnston family after making Kellogg's famous Blindfold Test.

403 people, including the Johnston family, have now taken part in Kellogg's Blindfold Test! Each person, blindfolded, tastes four well-known breakfast flakes including Kellogg's Corn Flakes (During the test each cereal is referred to by number only) . . . And every one of those 403 people has voted Kellogg's Corn Flakes first for flavour . . . it's that rich taste of corn which makes them so much more delicious!



"THERE'S MILES MORE FLAVOUR IN KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES"

SCIENTIFIC PROOF OF THE GREAT ENERGY GIVING POWER OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES.



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Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from specially grown white Australian Corn, flavoured with malt, sugar and salt, baked crisp and crunchy in Kellogg's shiny ovens!



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before you
say —
"CORN
FLAKES"

Get a packet
from your
grocer to-day.

"NOW WE ALL
WANT KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES — THEY'RE SO
CRUNCHY AND DELICIOUS"

AMERICAN GRILLED STEAK
One and a half pounds rump steak in one piece, 4 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

Grill steak in usual way. Mix tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, cheese and parsley together. Heat and place on top of hot steak. Garnish with heaps of potato crisps and sprigs of parsley.

SAVORY RABBIT IN CASSEROLE
One young rabbit, 1oz. flour, salt and pepper to taste, 2 large carrots, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, grated rind 1 lemon, 3oz. bacon, 1 onion, 1 pint stock or water.

Soak rabbit in warm salted water 1 hour. Wash and dry and cut rabbit into neat joints and bacon into strips. Mince onion and cut carrot into rings. Dip rabbit in seasoned flour and fry quickly until browned, then fry onion. Put into a buttered casserole dish in layers, rabbit, bacon, onion, parsley, and carrot slices; continue until all ingredients are used. Add sufficient water or stock barely to cover ingredients, then put on the lid. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove all traces of fat and serve very hot. (Make and leave ready for reheating. Allow about 20 minutes.)

FRANKFURTS WITH CREAM SAUCE
Half a dozen frankfurts, 1 pint cream sauce, chopped parsley.
Boil frankfurts for 10 or 12 minutes, split in halves. Make a white sauce with one dessertspoon

each of butter and flour and 1 pint milk. Add a pinch of cayenne and salt and 1 tablespoon of cream. Re-heat the frankfurts in the sauce. Serve on a hot dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

OYSTER CREAM PIE
Two dozen oysters, 1pt. white sauce, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, juice 1 lemon, a little grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter, slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley to garnish.

Butter a medium-sized casserole and sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs. Arrange oysters (previously sprinkled with lemon juice) and breadcrumbs in alternate layers with seasoning between layers and having breadcrumbs on top. Make a white sauce with flour, butter, milk and oyster liquor. Pour over before putting on last layer of breadcrumbs. Dot with butter. Bake 15-20 minutes until lightly browned on top. Remains of cooked fish may be added to the above and placed with the oysters in layers.

SAUSAGE FRITTERS
Put 1lb. sausages on in hot water and simmer for 10 minutes. Drain and set aside to cool. Make a batter of 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon custard powder, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper. Split sausages lengthwise, dip in batter and fry till brown. Cut 4oz. bacon rashers into 4in. lengths, roll up loosely and thread on skewers, grill till crisp and fat is clear, arrange round the fritters and serve with tomato sauce.

SOLDIER'S SEND-OFF

Continued from previous page

LOBSTER MONARCH

One of the easiest ways of serving lobster is as shown in the illustration. Cut lobster shell carefully, keeping the back unbroken.

Remove lobster meat and finely shred it; then sprinkle with lemon juice and cayenne. Mix this with sufficient mayonnaise sauce to cover the shredded lobster.

Select small crisp lettuce leaves, place about 1 dessertspoon of lobster mayonnaise at one end of each; roll up, fasten with cocktail picks.

Make a bed of finely shredded lettuce in the middle of a large dish, pack the lobster rolls on top and cover with the lobster shell.

Garnish the dish as shown in the colored picture.

Concerning quantities

ONE 2lb. sandwich loaf will cut into 36 slices making eighteen rounds of sandwiches.

HALF a pound of butter is sufficient to spread a 2lb. sandwich loaf.

A pound of cooked meat cut into thin slices will fill a 2lb. loaf.

SIX eggs boiled not too hard, shelled and put into a basin with flavorings, salt, pepper, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut and mashed well with a fork, make a mixture that will spread easily and is sufficient for a 2lb. loaf.

THREE quarts of milk is the usual allowance for afternoon tea for 100 people.

TO make coffee for 100 (allowing 1½ cups to each person) you need four gallons of milk and four gallons of water. Bring to boil, have 1lb. pure coffee and 2 teaspoons salt in a muslin bag (an old oatmeal bag is excellent), leave plenty of room for swelling, tie securely. Put into milk and water just before it comes to the boil, and swirl it round well. Simmer for 5 minutes. This coffee should be strong enough for average taste.

ONE pound loaf-sugar has approximately 112 pieces.

ONE quart of ice-cream is sufficient for 18 small dishes.

START WITH KRAFT

for zestful winter meals

HERE'S a breakfast that fairly radiates good cheer for chilly mornings. Yes . . . and it's a luncheon or Sunday night supper dish that will be greeted gladly however often it appears on your table. It brings you crisp, sizzling bacon slices along with the golden richness of Kraft Cheese Sauce on toast, the zestful flavour of bright tomatoes, spicy gherkins, or sunshiny pineapple. And so easy, so inexpensive to prepare, when you make it with Kraft Cheddar Cheese! Kraft and only

Kraft gives you the same richly mellow flavour in every packet . . . the same firm yet creamy smooth texture that guarantees easy shredding, quick-melting, smooth blending.

And remember, Kraft is extra rich in all these important food elements . . . tissue building proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and calcium and phosphorus, those precious milk minerals needed to build bones and teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

CHEESE TOAST WITH BACON

4 slices toast, grilled bacon, 4 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, tomato slices, pineapple cubes, or gherkin fans, pepper, salt.

Shred cheese into double saucepan with 1 tablespoon of milk. Heat and stir till blended smooth, season to taste, and add rest of milk slowly stirring till thoroughly blended.

Cut slices of buttered toast

into triangles and put two on each plate. Pour on hot cheese sauce, add grilled bacon, and garnish with tomato slices, pineapple cubes or gherkins cut in fanwise strips. This recipe serves four.

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ADDRESS _____

That old favorite—

IRISH STEW

MEN often complain that too many cooks concern themselves with fancy new dishes and neglect the old favorites, such as Irish stew. In case you've been forgetting it, here is the recipe:

One pound neck chops or best end neck mutton, 1 lb. old potatoes, 1 lb. onions, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon flour.

Trim meat, but do not remove fat (potatoes absorb it); sprinkle half the salt and pepper into the flour, dip chops into it, and cover well with the flour; put into saucepan, cover with water and simmer gently for half an hour. Have onions and potatoes peeled, cut

onions into thin rings and potatoes into 1-inch thick slices. Put into a basin and cover with boiling water, put plate on top, allow to remain 20 minutes, strain, and then add to the chops with the onions underneath the potatoes. Sprinkle remainder of salt and pepper over and continue to cook 1 hour longer. Serve on a hot dish, chops in the middle, onion and potato round; pour gravy over and serve very hot.



"Look! See what she's got in her pocket . . . her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"



"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? Just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful!"



"There! . . . Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice? And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"

Feel Johnson's Baby Powder—how downy and soft it is—never gritty like some powders. That is because Johnson's is made from the finest talc. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too.

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AL 40

Hampers for the camps



LADS, LIKE THESE in camp, will welcome cakes, cookies, and sweets in small hampers.

If you intend to send hampers to the training camps, send small ones and send them often. Keeping food is quite a problem for the boys, so small parcels are best.

THESE recipes are for cakes, biscuits and sweets that will carry well in parcels that would be warmly welcomed in camps all over Australia.

SOLDIERS' FRUIT CAKE

One pound flour, 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. peel, 1 teaspoon spice, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water.

Prepare cake tin bins in diameter with four thicknesses of paper.

Sift flour and rub into it the butter; add sugar, spice, fruit, and finely chopped peel, and mix well together. Stir in beaten eggs. Dissolve soda in the boiling milk (heated in a large saucepan) and pour at once onto the other ingredients. Mix well together. (It is a very soft mixture.) Pour into prepared tin and bake about 2-2½ hours in a moderate oven of decreasing heat.

Sherry may be used instead of milk.

GINGER NUTS

Half-pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. butter, 2 tablespoons treacle, 2oz. brown sugar.

Sift flour, salt, ginger, and sugar together. Dissolve soda in the milk. Melt treacle and butter together and mix with milk. Add to the dry ingredients gradually. Lift onto a floured board and roll out about 1-inch thick. Cut out with round cutter. Place on tin and cook in a very moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 10 minutes until crisp. Cool and pack.

COCONUT ICE

Two cups sugar, 1 cup milk or water, pinch cream of tartar or 1 teaspoon glucose, 1 cup coconut, carmine.

Place sugar, cream of tartar or glucose and liquid into saucepan. Boil steadily for 5 minutes without stirring. Stand saucepan in basin in cold water and beat well with a spoon till getting thick, then add coconut, and continue beating till thick. Pour half into a wax-paper-lined tin, color other half pink, and place on top of white half. When cool, cut into blocks and wrap in wax paper.

BUTTER BISCUITS

Half-pound butter, 6oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, blanched almonds.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, sift flour and spices and add gradually to the mixture. Make into

small balls, place on a buttered tin and press half an almond on top, slightly flattening the biscuit. Place in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) and cook 15 minutes. Cool and pack.

BARLEY SUGAR DROPS

One cup crystal sugar, 2 teaspoons glucose, 3 tablespoons boiling water, few drops lemon essence.

Place sugar, water and glucose in a small saucepan, stir well, then heat slowly, stirring only till the syrup boils. Brush the sides of saucepan to remove undissolved sugar. Boil steadily until the syrup turns a light honey color. Remove from heat immediately and leave until it ceases to bubble. Place by teaspoonfuls onto a buttered plate; leave until quite set, then pack in jars or tins.

It is always more convenient to make in a small quantity. It is difficult to handle a large amount as it sets.

Prizes for Recipes

EVERY week a prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe sent in by a reader, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each are paid for other recipes published. This week's winner of £1 is:

DEVILLED SWISS STEAK

One level tablespoon dry mustard, 1 cup flour, 1½ lb. topside steak cut 1 inch thick, 1 cup sliced onions, 1 carrot, diced, 1½ cups tinned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix the mustard and flour together, pound into the steak. Season with salt and pepper. Brown on both sides in a little fat. Place in a small casserole. Pour over it the remainder of the ingredients. Cover. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees F.) about 1½ hours. Serves 6.

£1 for this recipe to Miss A. M. Prentice, 4 Edith St., Caulfield Nth. SE7, Vic.

Consolation prizes of 2/6 have been sent to the following readers:

Mrs. F. Hooton, 25 Baden-Powell St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Mrs. M. L. R. Martin, Box 214, Griffith, N.S.W.

P. Uren, Clovelly Ave., Clarence Gardens, S.A.

Mrs. F. Gall, Campbell Town, Tas.

Mrs. R. Gillett, 14 Irrara St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Mrs. J. Cummings, Pyalong Ave., Rosanna N22, Vic.

SEED CAKE

Ten ounces flour, 6oz. sugar, 11 teaspoons baking powder, 4oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 gill milk, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds.

Grease a deep cake tin about 7 inches in diameter.

Rub butter into sifted flour, salt, and baking powder, add sugar and seeds. Mix with the egg and milk beaten together. Bake in a moderate oven (400deg. F.) at first; decrease heat slightly and cook for about 1 hour.

BUTTER CARAMELS

One tin condensed milk, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon glucose, 1 lb. butter.

Melt butter in a thick enamel saucepan, add other ingredients. Cook slowly, keeping mixture well stirred off the bottom of saucepan as it browns. Keep well stirred for about 20 minutes until the mixture is dark brown and it leaves the sides of the saucepan. Pour into a buttered shallow tin, and when almost cold mark into caramels. Wrap in waxed paper and pack in tin.

CHOCOLATE BARS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 1 lb. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 egg, a little vanilla, and 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Sift flour and cocoa, rub in the butter, add sugar and nuts. Mix egg, milk and vanilla together and add to dry ingredients. Lift onto floured board, roll into a thin sheet and cut into bars. Cook on shallow buttered tray in a moderate oven about 12-15 minutes. Cool, pack in airtight tin.

HEDGEHOG BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 large cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups crisp breakfast flakes.

Cream butter, add sugar and beat till creamy. Add egg and vanilla. Gradually add the sifted flour. Break off small pieces of the mixture, and roll in the flakes. Place a distance apart on a buttered tray. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes until a golden brown. Cool and pack in airtight tins.

DATE QUAKERS

Date Filling: Half-pound stoned dates, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cold water, a little grated nutmeg, squeeze lemon juice.

Put all ingredients into a saucepan and boil together until soft enough to spread on mixture.

Quakers: 1½ cups rolled oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda.

Cream butter and brown sugar, add oats and flour, and lastly the hot water and soda. Divide into two equal parts. Roll each out thinly, spread one with date mixture and place other half on top. Mark into finger lengths, brush with milk and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until cooked to a light brown and crisp.

The latter part of this recipe could be used for making oatmeal biscuits.



SOUPS . . .

for fireside suppers

● Soup suppers are sound for Sundays . . . lots of people nowadays serve soup with tasty wafers, crackers, or scones before the fire on Sunday evening in place of the old-style Sunday tea. Most of the recipes on this page are for rich soups, satisfying enough to make a meal. The consomme will appeal to people with less hearty appetites.



CHEESE RINGS, a satisfying accompaniment to soup served for a Sunday supper by the fireside. The recipe is given on this page.

THE family that gathered round a Sunday dinner board and spent the afternoon drowsing by the fire doesn't need another large meal at night.

Soup style supper is easy for the housewife. She has only to heat up the previously prepared soup and bring out the wafers or crackers made on baking day.

Try one of these next Sunday . . .

GREEN PEA PUREE

Four cups shelled peas, 3 small carrots, 2 small onions, ham bone or bacon bones, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 cups water, 2 level tablespoons butter, 1 quart milk.

Cook ham bone or bacon bones in water and boil 1 hour, add vegetables, cut up roughly, and simmer 1 hour longer. Remove bones and rub vegetables through a sieve. Add milk and butter, bring to boil, add 1 dessertspoon blended arrowroot, to prevent puree separating. Serve with croutons of fried bread. Serves 8.

SWEET CORN AND CHICKEN CREAM SOUP

One small tin sweet corn, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup cold minced chicken, 1 cup minced ham, 3 cups chicken stock, 3 cups hot milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons cream, salt and cayenne. Serve with sticks of melba toast.

Heat corn and rub through a sieve, add pulp, celery, chicken, and ham to stock, bring to boil, and simmer for 20 minutes. Gradually stir hot milk into egg-yolks, add to soup mixture and cook 3 minutes, stirring con-

stantly, add cream, and season to taste with salt and cayenne. Serves 8. Serve separately sticks of melba toast.

CREAM OF SPINACH PUREE

One bunch spinach (green part only), 2 cups milk, 2 slices onion, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 bay leaf, 3 level tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons cream.

Wash spinach leaves, add salt to taste, and cook over a low heat about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Chop very fine,

to a pulp. Blend flour with a little milk, add remainder to pulp and when boiling add the thickening. Boil 5 minutes. Add cream just before serving.

CONSOMME

Three pounds neck of beef, 2 quarts water, 3 sticks celery, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 turnip, few peppercorns, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, salt to taste.

Cut the meat into small pieces, without any fat or bone, put in a saucepan

with other ingredients, bring slowly to the boil and boil 11 hours without stirring. Strain, when cold take off all fat, put back into saucepan, add egg-white and crushed eggshell, let it come to boil again. Then strain through 3 thicknesses of butter muslin, add a few drops of Parisian essence to color a deep amber shade. When reheating, add 1 piece loaf sugar to give a bright sparkle to the consomme.

This consomme may be served hot or iced. Various garnishes are added, which give the consomme its distinctive name.

CONSOMME JARDINIERE

Two quarts clear soup, 1 pint prepared vegetables (macedoine).

To Prepare Vegetables: Cut a carrot and turnip into slices and cut into fancy shapes with vegetable cutters. Cook until tender in a little stock. Shell and cook 1 lb. peas in the usual way until soft, but not broken. When cooked mix vegetables together and keep hot. Place a few in each heated soup plate and pour the consomme over.

To Serve with Soup

CHEESE RINGS

Three ounces flour, 2oz. cheese, 1oz. butter, cayenne and salt to taste, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon.

Sift dry ingredients with pinch of baking powder, rub in butter, add half grated cheese, beat egg-yolk and lemon with 1 tablespoon water. Add to dry ingredients and make into a stiff dough. Cut into rounds, remove centre, leaving a ring. Glaze with white of egg; sprinkle with grated cheese and cook in hot oven (400deg. F.) for 10 minutes.

BUBBLE BREAD WAFERS

Five ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, a little milk.

Rub butter into flour and salt, mix into a stiff paste with a little milk. Knead a little, roll out very thin. Cut with small cutter, prick all over with a fork. Bake in a hot oven till lightly browned. (Will keep for weeks in an airtight tin.)

SAVORY CRACKERS

Lightly spread small cracker biscuits with butter and a little fish paste. Put into hot oven (425deg. F.) until lightly browned. Serve hot.



VEGETABLES for soups or salads may be put through a mincing machine.

then rub through a sieve. Scald milk with onion, parsley and bay leaf. Stand aside 5 minutes, strain. Melt butter, add flour, add hot milk gradually and cook 5 minutes, add spinach puree, season to taste, re-heat, and add cream just before serving. Serves 6.

KIDNEY SOUP

One ox kidney, 2 quarts stock, 1oz. dripping, 1oz. flour, 1 teaspoon each of salt, sugar, and mustard, 1 onion, 3 level tablespoons cornflour.

Soak kidney in warm salted water 1 hour. Wash and dry it and cut into very small pieces, peel onion and cut finely. Make fat hot, fry onion and kidney for 5 minutes, add flour, sugar, mustard, salt and pepper. Stir well, add 1 pint of stock and stir till it boils and thickens. Simmer for 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Put stock into a large saucepan, add to it the kidney and bring slowly to the boil; blend cornflour with a little stock or water. Stir in and boil for 5 minutes. Skim well and serve.

VEGETABLE MARROW SOUP

Two pounds vegetable marrow cut into large dice, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt and pepper, 1 pint of water, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon cream.

Melt butter in saucepan, add marrow and heat until well steamed, cover with water and simmer gently with lid on until soft enough to beat



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SAFE FROM MALNUTRITION

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CREAMOATA DOES NOT HEAT THE BLOOD



Creamoata for breakfast is the best foundation for a hard day's work or play. "Is a sure preventative for malnutrition," says a famous dietitian. Kiddies and husbands relish the delicious nutty flavour of sun-ripened oat kernels pan-toasted to perfection; and three large plates cost only one penny.



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CREAMOATA

THE BETTER OAT BREAKFAST

The Sauce with a Secret



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BEAUTY BATH GIVES YOUR WHOLE
BODY GENTLE COMPLEXION CARE...
AND MAKES YOU SURE OF
CHARMING DAINTINESS. YOU'LL
LOVE THE DELICATE FRAGRANCE
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ACTUAL STATEMENT BY PRISCILLA LANE

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P.3.1WW

That eternal problem . . . PUDDINGS

THIS cold weather produces family appetites of the "What's next?" variety, so the dessert course is more important than in summer.

RECIPES on this page should help to solve this ever-present problem for the family cook.

One of the important things to remember in choosing a pudding is that a light dessert course should follow a heavy meal of soup and roast, while a more satisfying sweet like a steamed pudding is correct after a light meat or fish dish.



STEAMED APPLE PUFF

Three large apples (cooked to a dry puree), 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Grease a deep pudding basin and place apple puree in the bottom. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together, rub in the butter, and add sugar. Mix into a very soft dough with milk (add more if required). Pour into basin on top of apples. Cover with greased paper and steam 1½-2 hours.

GINGER PUDDING

Three ounces flour, 3oz. bread-crumbs, 3oz. brown sugar, 3oz. suet, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 1lb. preserved ginger, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon carb. soda.

Skin and flake suet, cut preserved ginger into dice. Sift flour and ginger, rub in the suet, add the brown sugar and breadcrumbs and pieces of ginger. Add the beaten egg, also soda dissolved in warm milk. Mix evenly. Pour into a well-greased mould, filling the mould three parts full with the mixture. Cover with buttered paper and steam 2 hours. Serve with a white sauce flavored with ginger syrup and a little preserved ginger cut into dice.

RASPBERRY PUFF TART

Half-pound rich shortcrust pastry, for which are required 8oz. flour, 6oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon, 1 tablespoon water.

Rub butter into flour. Mix egg-yolk, lemon juice and water together. Add to dry ingredients and mix into a very dry stiff dough. Roll out thinly and line a large tart plate. Decorate the edges, prick the middle thickly with a fork, glaze with white of egg and cook in a hot oven 12 minutes. Spread with raspberry jam and cover with:

Vanilla Custard: Half-pint milk, 1½oz. butter, 1oz. flour, yolk 1 egg, 1oz. sugar, vanilla.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and beat till smooth. Cook well for 2 minutes, add milk and stir till boiling. Remove from heat, beat and add yolk; add sugar and return to heat to cook without boiling. Add vanilla. Pour into pastry case. Whisk the two remaining egg-whites with 2 large tablespoons sugar, beat to a thick meringue, add a level teaspoon baking powder and a little vanilla. Pile roughly on top

of custard. Place in a very moderate oven to set meringue without browning.

PEACH PUDDING

Four ounces dried or tinned peaches, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, a little icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 slices brown bread, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, a few knobs butter.

Soak the peaches overnight. Add the water, half the castor sugar and the lemon juice and cook for 30 minutes. Sieve the fruit, and when the pulp is cool spread it on the halved slices of bread in a pie-dish. Beat the egg, milk, and the rest of the sugar into a custard mixture and pour it over the bread in the dish. Add the knobs of butter and leave to soak for about an hour. Bake in a cool oven for an hour until the custard sets. To serve, dust with icing sugar, and if tinned peaches are used one of the halves can be sliced to decorate the dish.

BANANA MERINGUE PIE

One baked shortcrust pie shell.

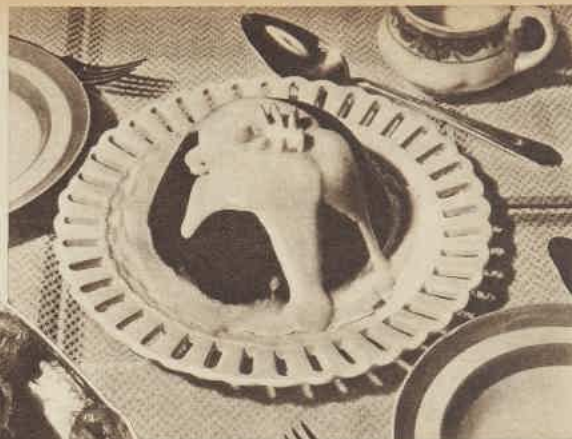
Filling: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup hot milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, one-third cup self-raising flour, 3 or 4 ripe, firm bananas, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam.

Scald milk in a double saucepan. Cream together sugar and butter and beat in yolks of eggs and flour. Add to milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Spread bottom of pie shell with the jam, peel and slice bananas, and spread with alternate layers of cream mixture and banana, finishing with a layer of cream. Beat whites stiffly, add 2 tablespoons sugar and a good pinch baking powder. Beat to a stiff meringue. Place in rough heaps on top of cream mixture and bake in a very moderate oven until set and slightly browned.

SAGO PLUM PUDDING

Two tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup sultanas or raisins, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt.

Wash and soak sago overnight. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add beaten egg gradually; add sago and milk with soda. Add breadcrumbs and fruit and mix all lightly. Place in buttered mould and steam 2½-3 hours.



STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING, a solid sweet course that should be served to finish a light meal only.

and mix in lightly. Turn the mixture into the prepared dish, and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Whip remaining 2 whites very stiffly, add 1 tablespoon of sugar. Whip again. Decorate the top of pudding with it, return to very moderate oven to set. Ornament with a few cherries. Serve hot or cold.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Two ounces chocolate or 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 pint milk, 4oz. bread or cake crumbs, 1½oz. butter, 1½oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, vanilla essence.

Dissolve the chocolate in the milk over a low heat. Cream the butter and sugar and beat in the egg-yolks with the crumbs. Add the dissolved chocolate and the flavoring, then whip up the egg-whites until stiff and fold them into the pudding. Pour the mixture into a well-greased mould and cover with greased paper. Steam for 1 hour and turn out on to a hot dish. Serve with custard.

ABOVE: Pineapple Meringue, which may be served hot or cold. LEFT: Peach Pudding, quickly made and satisfying.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE

One small tin pineapple chunks, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1oz. flour, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, glaze cherries.

Melt the butter in the saucepan and add the flour. Stir together for a few moments, then add the milk and pineapple juice. Bring to the boil and stir all the time as the mixture thickens. Allow to cool; separate the yolks and whites of the eggs, then stir the yolks into the mixture. Finally, add the pineapple chunks and pour the mixture into a pie-dish. Whip up the whites of eggs until stiff and then add 1 tablespoon sugar to sweeten the meringue. Pile on top of the pineapple mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Serve decorated with glaze cherries.

CARAMEL RAISIN PUDDINGS

Five ounces bread squares, 1 gill cream, 1 gill sherry, 1 pint milk, 2oz. candied peel, 2 eggs, 3oz. raisins, 3oz. castor sugar, 2oz. loaf sugar, 1 tablespoon water.

Burn 2oz. loaf sugar mixed with 1 tablespoon water. When a dark caramel, slowly pour on the milk, stir over heat till dissolved. Strain and pour over bread squares. Beat eggs and sugar and add them to cream. Add raisins and peel cut into dice. Stir in the sherry and pour mixture onto bread. Steam in a large buttered mould 2 hours or individual moulds 30 minutes. Serve with sherry fluff sauce.

SHERRY FLUFF SAUCE

One gill sherry, 1oz. castor sugar, yolks 2 eggs.

Slightly beat yolks with sugar. Add sherry and pour all into a jug, stand in saucepan of boiling water, or use a double saucepan. Whisk with a rotary egg whisk to a thick creamy consistency. Be careful not to overcook or it will curdle. Serve at once or it will become flat.

BAKED LEMON PUDDING

Four ounces shortcrust pastry. Filling: Two ounces stale cake crumbs or breadcrumbs, 3oz. sugar, 2 yolks and 3 whites of eggs, 2 lemons, 1 cup milk, few cherries for decorating.

Make the pastry; roll into long strips. Grease a fireproof dish and line the sides and edges with pastry. Mix the crumbs in a basin, with the sugar and grated lemon rind. Squeeze the juice of the lemon and add to dry ingredients. Beat the yolks, mix them with the milk and stir into the mixture. Mix 1 white of egg stiffly



15 WAYS OF MAKING Children HAPPY

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SOUPS

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RECIPES



COPHA CAKE

- 2 tablespoons cocoa.
- 1 lb. copha.
- 1 lb. icing sugar.
- 1 lb. Coffee Biscuits.

Melt copha (do not boil), take off fire—stir icing sugar three times and put into copha. Add cocoa. Spread mixture on both sides of biscuits and then stick together. Sprinkle nuts on top. Slice with bread knife.

DUNDEE SWEETS

Break in half down centre. Place dots of whipped cream and pineapple chunks alternately, sprinkle with nuts. Or spread with Strawberry or Blackberry jam and rosettes of cream round edge or criss-cross fashion.

Sweetened fresh strawberries crushed and dotted with whipped cream.

MOCK CREAM FINGERS

Place mock cream filling between two biscuits. Cover with chocolate icing, decorate with chopped walnuts and cut into long fingers.

Orange filling between Coffee or Arrowroot Biscuits. Finish with lemon icing and chopped ginger or fruits.

CURRY BUTTER

- 4 tablespoons butter.
- 1 teaspoon lemon.
- 1 teaspoon curry.
- Salt and pepper.

Beat butter to a cream, then stir in curry powder, lemon, salt and pepper. Use with Arnott's Popso Cracker, Sao, Lawn Tennis Soda or Thin Captain Biscuits.

CHEESE FLOWERS

Take an Arnott's large Cheese Biscuit, place on it butter shape of a flower. Roll piece of ham and put in the centre of the biscuit, sprinkle with paprika. Garnish each corner with gherkin.

SAVOURY SPECIAL

Butter an Arnott's Popso Cracker Biscuit, place a lettuce leaf and a ring of hard-boiled egg in centre. Garnish with pieces of tomato and rings of gherkin. Add paprika if desired.

EGG CAPTAIN

Butter an Arnott's Thin Captain Biscuit, place in centre lettuce leaves, hard-boiled egg with a ring of stuffed olive and pieces of tomato on top. Garnish with pieces of gherkin.

GREEN BUTTER

- 4 tablespoons butter.
- 1½ tablespoons chopped parsley.
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice.
- Anchovy essence.
- Arnott's Wee Pet Crackers or Cheese Biscuits.
- Salt and cayenne.

Beat butter to a cream, add parsley, lemon juice and a little anchovy essence, season with salt and cayenne. When thoroughly mixed, use as required. Sprinkle with the finely chopped hard-boiled white of egg.

SIMPLICITY

Take an Arnott's Savorette Biscuit, lightly spread with butter, place on it shredded cheese in strips. Garnish with stuffed olive.

CHEESE OLIVES

Butter an Arnott's small Cheese Biscuit, place ring of stuffed olive in centre, add a little mayonnaise. Garnish with strips of gherkin.

SARDINE SAVOURY

- 6 sardines.
- 1 teaspoon butter.
- Lemon juice.
- 1 cooked beetroot.
- 8 to 10 Arnott's Thin Captain Biscuits.
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.
- 1 doz. olives.

Skin and flake sardines with fork, mix with butter, sauce, lemon juice, adding salt to taste. Spread biscuits with mixture. In centre of each place neat round of beetroot with stoned olive in the centre. Garnish with thin slices of lemon.



ON COLD NIGHTS

On cold nights butter a few Sao biscuits, grate a little cheese over them, sprinkle with cayenne pepper, place in the oven for one minute and serve hot. This makes a delicious warm snack and it gives no trouble.

Heat a few Spicy Fruit Roll biscuits for a few minutes in the oven. Serve with cream or sauce for dessert or an after dinner sweet.



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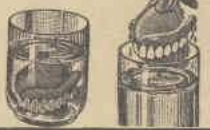
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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Unless they marry, Cancerians are apt to lead lives devoid of highlights and beauty.

CANCERIANS—people born between June 22 and July 23—should marry. Happy and encouraging comradeships are essential for their success and self-confidence.

They definitely need contented domestic atmosphere in which to blossom at their best. They require their own spot of ground and on it their own castle, even if rented. They must have their own domestic comforts, otherwise they droop unless surrounded by beauty, good cheer, and friendliness.

The majority of Cancerians love children, too, and consider the family happiness complete only when there are offspring to fuss over and protect and provide for.

Harmony essential

THE wise partner, children, or relatives of Cancerians will strive not to impose on the better nature of these folk, for they possess a nature of a high order while mutual generosity, kindness, sympathy and unselfishness operate. It is a nature which makes Cancerians want to offer themselves on the altars of sacrifice and sympathy to all those in trouble or need.

But it is a nature which contracts and closes the heart of itself within itself once the individual feels rebuffed, unwanted, unhappy or imposed upon.

In short, Cancerians are like the clam or crab which symbolises their sign. They possess timidity and lack self-confidence, which makes them run away from many of the stern realities of life, and from aggression, nastiness, and selfishness.

Don't imagine these people are not courageous. When fighting for ideals, or for justice and decency, or on behalf of those they love or are sorry for, and especially when fighting for tradition and family, they are incredibly brave and long-suffering.

It is just that while peace and harmony are possible they will dodge trouble, even to the extent of surrendering all their own desires, ambitions, and happiness in favor of those expressed by other people.

When this happens they lose heart and thereafter become patient, selfless "stick-in-the-mud."

It can therefore be seen that Cancerians must be handled with gloves on. They must be made to feel important and beloved, and be given a domestic atmosphere of harmony and cheer in which they can thrive.

Mothers of Cancerians (especially girls) should not allow themselves or other members of the family to impose on or indulge in squabbles in the vicinity of the July-born. These things have an adverse effect on the nerves, and, by reaction, on the stomach of Cancerians.

Be fair to your Cancerian, and he (or she) will be more than fair to you.



BOWS perched on the edge of the crown are the current millinery craze. This Condor model features them in figured foulard ribbon. The hat is in sage-blue straw.

THE DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): This is not a good time for you to be too confident or aggressive. Difficulties and delays or annoyances are more likely than success. Caution is advised on July 17 (night), 18, and 19.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Quite fair on July 18 and 19 for small matters. **GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Just a week of days so try to consolidate past gains. July 20 just fair.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Sleep lightly, for there are opportunities for many of you. Don't waste a moment of July 13, 14, and 15 (mornings). Matters started wisely and constructively then should succeed.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Plan for the near future. Meanwhile concentrate on routine. July 15 (p.m. hours), 16, and 17 fair.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): July 17 (after dark), 18, and 19 can produce quite fair results from hard work and wisdom. Seek opportunities.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Try to be cheerful and patient, especially on July 17 (evening), 18, and 19. Avoid delays, difficulties, upsets and worries then.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Be at your best this week. Put constructive plans into operation if you desire advancement, favors, or changes, and start new ventures. July 13, 14, and 15 (mornings) splendid.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Your stars are coming your way soon. Meanwhile concentrate on routine and on plans. July 15 (p.m.), 16, and 17 fair.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Look out for losses, partings, opposition and disappointment this week. Take special care on July 17 (night), 18, and 19.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Get all important or half-finished matters on the way, unless they can wait some months. You will need to take things quietly soon. Meanwhile, July 20 fair, but best.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Boost that different, fearful, and doubtful self of yours this week. You can turn your starry radiations to very good account, especially on July 13, 14, and 15 (evening). Go after the things you want then, start new ventures, be optimistic.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Up against a brick wall at 40

At the age of 40 Claude Wilson could see no future ahead until . . .



JOAN WE'VE GOT TO FACE FACTS. I'M GROWING OLD AND WE'RE NOT GETTING ANYWHERE! ONLY YESTERDAY MY BOSS CALLED ME IN AND SAID...



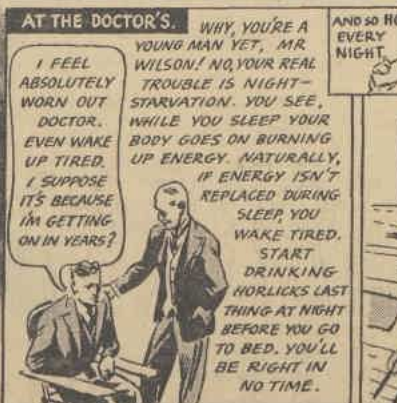
WHAT HAPPENED AT THE OFFICE.

YOU'D BETTER PULL UP YOUR SOCKS, WILSON! YOUR PRODUCTIONS FALLING BEHIND AGAIN.



THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! I FEEL AS IF I'M UP AGAINST A BRICK WALL CAN'T GET ANYWHERE.

DARLING, DON'T IMAGINE FOR A MINUTE IT'S YOUR AGE! IT ISN'T! IT'S THAT AWFUL TIREDNESS OF YOURS, YOU'RE ALWAYS TIRED LATELY. FOR MY SAKE, PLEASE SEE A DOCTOR.



AT THE DOCTOR'S.

I FEEL ABSOLUTELY WORN OUT DOCTOR. EVEN WAKE UP TIRED. I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS?

WHY, YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN YET, MR. WILSON! NO, YOUR REAL TROUBLE IS NIGHT-STARVATION. YOU SEE, WHILE YOU SLEEP YOUR BODY GOES ON BURNING UP ENERGY. NATURALLY, IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP YOU WAKE TIRED. START DRINKING HORLICKS LAST THING AT NIGHT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED. YOU'LL BE RIGHT IN NO TIME.



AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT.

TO THINK I ACTUALLY OWN THIS BOAT! I'VE WANTED ONE ALL MY LIFE.

DARLING, THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING FOR US!



DO YOU WAKE TIRED IN THE MORNING, FEEL DULL, UNABLE TO CONCENTRATE?

There's nothing worse than waking in the morning feeling tired. Every day becomes "just another day". Just another day of dullness, tiredness and heaviness. Do you feel like this? Then the chances are that you, too, are suffering from Night-Starvation. Horlicks replaces energy lost during sleep. Helps you to wake up in the morning full of life and ready for your job. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Big economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-. Get some Horlicks—to-day!

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F1785. — Effective style with "built-up" waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1817. — Slim-waisted dress with matching skirt and yoke treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1800. — Ideal style for heavy woollens. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1978. — Charming style with jacket top and contrasting swing skirt. 4-10 years. Requires: 1½yds. for jacket, and 1½yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1761. — New scroll design high-lights a simple frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1752. — Swing-skirted style with military trend. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., and 1½yd. contrast, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1979. — Brand-new dance frock with unusual bodice treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

So they say

OUR FUTURE RACE

THE girls and young men of Australia should place motherhood on a pedestal and glorify it.

We must populate our country if we hope to keep it. Are we brave and unselfish enough to do so?

We must cease to treat the mother-to-be with a covert sneer.

We are told that if every family in Australia averaged four children our population worries would cease.

I believe if this war leaves us all poor we may come again to appreciate the "little, sticky fingers round the family table."

£1 for this letter to J. M. Cumming, P.O., Mountain View, New Mexico, Manila, N.S.W.

GRACE IN DANCING

HOW often we hear it said that modern dancing is not graceful. I like old-time dancing, but I do not think it prettier to watch than the modern type.

What could be more graceful than a correctly-performed modern waltz or fox-trot?

Also the "litterbug" has an odd attractive grace of movement.

Miss G. Allison, Rye, Vic.

GRUMPY OLD AGE

PEOPLE sometimes remark that men as they grow older develop a grumpy nature than women of the same age.

Personally I think it is a matter of the individuals of either sex, whether they grow old gracefully or estrange their friends by a bear-like manner.

A man needs hobbies to tide him over the years when he tells no more; a woman can always sit and knit and so find contentment.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

Changed home as tonic for weary housewife

A CHANGE is as good as a rest, Mrs. Walton (22/6/40), and I certainly think that when one has reared a family new environment is necessary.

The house is too big, and the garden is often neglected as it is beyond the strength of a not young husband to keep it tidy.

Why not take a small flat, have a sale of the old furniture, and you will



Start a new home.

find the new surroundings act as a tonic to you both.

Miss G. Jewell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Well deserved

CERTAINLY people who have families leaving home should move into smaller quarters.

A mother has done her share of work in raising the family.

She needs a small home after they are all married, so that she can have a well-earned rest. Her husband should see she gets it.

Mrs. E. M. Foote, 17 Royal Ave., Adelaide.

Men like move

IT isn't always the man of the house who objects to being moved to another home.

Men would often like to change to another suburb, but their wives cling to the house which they have worked so hard to make attractive.

Some women do not want the bother of starting all over again to get that "home" atmosphere.

J. F. Sanders, P.O., Llaneston, Tas.

Growing tendency to use of bad language

THE choice of language of many girls is to be deplored, Mrs. H. O. Jones (22/6/40).

Conversations heard on tram and train often reveal an unattractive mind behind what has seemed an attractive personality.

Imitation of someone who has impressed her often misleads a girl who is not strong enough to reject what her good sense knows to be ugly.

No beauty of form is great enough to allow its possessor to use bad language and retain her attraction.

E. A. Patterson, McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

Habit increases

APFTER the last war it used to be thought rather "funny" for a girl to use terms which had been heard only from men, and certainly not from them in front of women.

Nowadays pretty girls and middle-aged women use the most horrifying language without the slightest hesitation.

There is not one good reason for this habit.

B. F. Stewart, P.O., Renmark, S.A.

Lazy mentality

FOLLOWING on Mrs. Jones' idea that ugly words jar on our sensitive ears, may I suggest that

Give refugee children the feeling of being "wanted"

WHEN the subject of adopting war refugees arises, someone always suggests that people should adopt children out of our own orphanages and put refugees in their places.

However, the humane suggestion in favor of refugees is that these unhappy little ones have such terrible memories, and are so heart-sick that they need more than just physical care.

A kind, motherly foster-mother will give them the feeling of being "wanted," and the healing influence of a home life which will help to make them sane adult citizens of the future.

Mrs. G. Young, 70 Mowbray St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

"stock" sayings are nearly as annoying?

One seems an outcome of the other.

They both denote lateness in thinking of suitable expressions of thought.

Mrs. F. C. Williams, 49 Cecil St., Kew E4, Vic.

Try to shock

WITH most young people the use of bad language is only a pose, and if no interest or alarm is shown by older people they soon drop it.

It is a temptation to youngsters to shock their elders and even their own friends.

When they find that no one cares what they say, they revert to everyday language and are generally very glad to do so.

Mrs. Frazer, Robinson St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Learn at work

CARELESS speech is a habit which seems to find its origin at business—in the office, the factory, or the shop. The young girl to-day thinks it is "smart" to scatter a few ugly words throughout her conversation.

But such a bad habit grows, and if girls realised how much it lessens their charm they would cease from the deplorable use of bad language.

Mrs. M. Bell, 12 Mulberry St., Richmond E1, Vic.

How many people can enjoy their own company?

WE should try to cultivate a liking for our own company, as Mrs. Terry suggests (22/6/40). A good way to do it would be to think: "If my own company bores me, how much must I bore other people?"

I have known people who would rather miss a film or play than go alone.

My advice to those who dislike their own company is this: Get to



Alone—but contented.

know yourself a little better, and if you have to go out alone you will find it fun to watch other people.

W. McLeod, 50 Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Prevents escape

THE reason why people dislike being alone is because they allow fear to conquer them.

Solitude means to them the occasions when they are unable to escape from their thoughts.

The continual presence of other people keeps these thoughts at bay and postpones for the time being the necessity for facing up to things that are alarming.

K. G. B. Smith, P.O., Mackay, Qld.

Solitude is sad

WITH the world as upset as it is, I dislike being alone because of the thoughts that arise in my mind.

To have your fiancé, husband, or family around you means the only real happiness for a woman.

If you lost them and had no friends, could you honestly be happy?

Mrs. R. Dickenson, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N3, Vic.

£1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

NOTHING TO WEAR

"I HAVE nothing to wear" . . . How often have women offered this excuse for not accepting an invitation.

Good dressing does not signify extravagance. A clever and ingenious woman can be well dressed on a moderate sum if she has a clothes sense.

These are days in which we must be careful of our money, but many women adapt the styles to suit themselves, and still are not old-fashioned.

Perhaps the best way to cultivate a clothes sense is to observe the clothes of others, and note success and failure.

Mrs. O. Howard, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

SERIOUS TYPE WINS

WAR-TIME is when the "useful" woman comes into her own—the old-fashioned type of girl we poor misguided modern women used to think of somewhat patronisingly.

Glamor girls now look enviously at their more gifted sisters, who can knit, sew, and know something of nursing.

The forgotten art of cooking is being sought by those to whom it has been unknown till now.

Rita Rowe, Southern Railway Hotel, Sloane St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

MIND YOUR STEP

STRONG nerves, a quick eye, and the brilliant footwork of a champion boxer are necessary to avoid being mowed down by the army of ruthless walkers who roam the city during peak periods.

If you are in a reasonable hurry you must adopt the "all-in" methods of other pedestrians and literally walk over them.

No quarter is given as it is a case of the survival of the fittest.

I hate to think what would happen if some of these juggernauts of the city ever took to motor car driving.

Motorists at least try to avoid you.

L. Danby, 8 Albion Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

NURSE SAYS

DeWitt's Pills are Wonderful for

BACKACHE

This Nurse's praise of DeWitt's Pills as a wonderful remedy for backache is of vital interest to all sufferers.

Nurse A. A. says:—
"I was taken ill with a bad back. I could not stand up and was two days in bed. My sister persuaded me to try DeWitt's Pills and I now feel better than I have done for a long time. They are wonderful for bad backs. I suffered for ages, but thanks to DeWitt's Pills I am working again and feel as good as ever. I recommend them to all my patients."

* Name withheld—medical etiquette.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

New Canadian Mixture

praised for

NASTY, HANG-ON

CHILDREN'S COUGHS



"Immensely superior . . . tremendously in advance"—says Doctor.

COMPOUNDED from rare Canadian pine-balsam of a special triple-strength, Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture is entirely different in action—more effective—quicker—than anything ever known in Australia. First dose definitely stops coughing at once. Three doses break up heavy cold! Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture contains no "dope." Sweetens upset stomachs.

* Few Canadian mothers would dream of facing winter without Buckley's. For when icy blizzards and deadly snowdrifts cut off medical aid—little lives may depend on swift, definite—certain relief! Your own chemist or store now has this remarkable Canadian discovery. Get a 2/3 bottle right away—and have restful sleep to-night!

As supplied to the Canadian Government—and to Canadian Mounted Police.

9 million bottles sold.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

"A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT"

M

MARK looked up into the pale face of Fritz. The mist threw the headlights back on to his face, and long shadows streamed up from his nose and eyes. He looked down like a man who had just been hit and was slightly stunned.

"You were going too fast," Mark said.

"Yes, that was a close shave."

"It was the police."

"Get up," Fritz said.

Mark looked back at the cafe behind him. He could see the old waiter inside in the light of one bulb, sweeping the floor with a tired slow motion of his arms. Mark threw his two bags and the coat up to Fritz and got up beside him on the driver's seat. Fritz threw in the clutch. They could see only the aureoled street lamps, and when those ended they knew they were in the open country.

Fritz pulled off to the side of the road and stopped.

Fritz didn't turn off the engine, but turned to Mark and said, "You'd better get back and see how she is. I drew off the road a little after I left the camp, and I got her out. I was afraid she'd suffocate."

"She is alive then?"

"I think so."

Mark thought: It's enough for now if she's alive, and enough that Fritz has already taken the first step and got her out. Mark could never have faced the horror of that. Opening the coffin, seeing her face in it. Seeing her dead. Or even seeing her alive within those narrow boards.

"That's why I'm late," Fritz said. "I had to get the lid off and then lift her out. She's heavy. I wrapped her in some old quilts. Just as I got started again the police stopped me. They looked at my permit and my licence. I had to explain everything. Heaven be thanked they didn't look inside."

"What'll we do now?"

"We've got a long way to go. You get back and keep her warm. The clothes are in a paper bundle. I hadn't time to put them on. I only pushed the coffin lid back. It's not nailed. Better hammer it down tight. Here's a torch." He handed him a flashlight. "You'll find everything in there. Hurry now."

With the water bottle, the vacuum bottle, the fur coat, the flashlight,

Mark went to the back of the truck, opened the door and climbed in, shut it behind him and crouched on his knees in the dark. Fritz, hearing the door bang, drove on.

Mark turned on the flashlight. Behind the coffin lay a great bundle of quilts and across it a long braid of black hair.

He crouched beside her and turned the light directly on her face. He had never seen anything so white as her face.

He thought: This must be death. He had hardly been able to believe all that was happening, but now he knew. He saw in her face every pang she had endured, every indignity up to the final one. He saw also at last the courage that had brought her here.

"Oh, they've killed her!" he cried aloud, and let his torch go out. He put his head beside hers and cried, holding her hands close to him.

A tiny thing began to stir in his consciousness. Her hands, that he held so closely, were flexible, not stiff. They were even, while he held them in his, growing faintly warm.

He turned the light to look at her, brought it close to her face again. There was a change in it. As he looked, two long tears slid from under the lids and ran down her cheeks. He watched them fall, and then her eyes half opened and he saw the pale vitreous shine of the eyeballs in the torchlight.

He didn't know if she saw him or knew him, but suddenly he picked her up, kissing her eyes and whispering in her ear, "It's Mark—it's Mark."

He wrapped the fur coat around her, held the hot-water bottle close to her. He began to stroke her arms, to rub her hands and feet, coaxing the blood to flow again, to take up its work.

He had no idea how time went now. He didn't dare to dress her. To move her about that much seemed to him impossible. He covered her closer with the fur coat, wrapped the old quilts around her feet. He thought her lips moved, though he didn't hear a sound.

She's alive. She's going to live.

When he had imagined all this, he and Fritz driving with her through the dark, he had thought, But what'll we do? Where can we go or turn? Now he thought: We can do something; we can do anything.

From the different quality of the road, the many turns and slowings down, the occasional noises of auto horns, he guessed that they had reached the town. That would be a bad time. Here they might be stopped.

They got through without accident, and now, by the smooth gliding, he knew they were on the great auto road, four cars wide, leading toward the south. Now it was going to be easy. Now they'd get away.

Half an hour farther on the car slowed and stopped, and his heart leaped when the door opened. But it was only Fritz, come to see what had happened.

"She's alive, Fritz!" he said jubilantly. "She's alive!"

Fritz, standing in the roadside, said: "God be thanked. Have you got her as warm as you can? Have you dressed her?"

"No, I'm afraid to. I'll put her stockings and shoes on. The fur coat. That's all I dare to do now."

"Well, make her as comfortable as you can on those quilts. You'd better nail the coffin down tight. Then you come up in front. If we should be stopped by a motor-cycle police and he should by any chance want to look in—It would be more natural if you were up in front with me. She'll ride comfortably enough. Hurry now. I'll leave you here while I drive on. In ten minutes I'll stop again."

He closed the door and in a moment they started. Mark, by the flashlight, tried to do all he'd said.

When Fritz opened the door again, he was ready to get out.

"I'll want to come back every now and then to see how she's getting on."

"All right," said Fritz. "Do you need more hot water?"

"Later, yes."

"I brought a vacuum bottle myself, of nearly boiling water, and some brandy. In case she needs that, it's up in front with me."

They got up in the driver's seat and Fritz drove on.

They saw no lights in any house and no one stopped them.

Escape

Continued from Page 11

The air seemed full of extraordinary refreshment. Mark felt empty and lightheaded.

Even Fritz seemed to be feeling it. He drove faster and faster. He kept his eyes on the road, but every now and then he'd shift them a bit to include Mark in a look of intense satisfaction. Even old Fritz thought they were getting somewhere.

But Fritz wasn't letting himself be carried away. In the little villages he slowed down, even though no one was about. And if he saw the lights of another car ahead, he slowed, too. He said once, "It's the motor-cycle road patrol I'm worried about. They're out even this late."

They drove on for an hour. Then the air began to get colder and streaks of snow appeared under the trees. Along the edges of the roofs was a line of snow. In one town a car was left standing before a lighted house. The whole top of the car was hooded in snow.

"They've come from higher up," Fritz said. "It'll be colder up there."

He drew abruptly into a little side road among the trees, drove along it for a hundred yards and cut off the engine and lights.

"Better see how she is," he said.

Mark took the torch again, climbed down and got into the truck. Now he could hear her breathing distinctly and her pulse was like a

her. Can you think of anything else to do now?"

"No."

"When we get her in an hotel she'll be all right."

"That hotel," said Fritz, "isn't such a good idea."

"Have you got another?"

"Maybe I have. Wait and see how she is."

They left her finally and went back to the driver's seat and drove on.

At last they reached the big resort town at the foot of the high mountains. Here in one of the hotels lights were on. A climbing party stood in front of it, ready to start out for the great peak.

Mark looked at his watch. "Five o'clock," he said. "Three hours more to kill."

They turned onto the smaller single road leading up the valley. It was packed hard in snow, with snow banked up along the sides. Mark began to shiver and Fritz had to stop every now and then to beat his hands.

Finally Mark insisted on getting down anyway. He took the brandy with him into the truck, and closed the door behind him. When Fritz heard the door close, he started again.

Mark climbed over the coffin and turned the light on her. She had slipped deeper into the fur, but when he felt her she was cold.

"It's all artificial," he said; "she's quite well really." But then terror filled him: No, she's dying. It's all going wrong. This infernal truck—the cold. She ought to be in a warm bed. What'll we do?

He began to rub her again, using Fritz's brandy to stimulate the blood. At the chill of it her eyelids winced a little. He became terribly conscious of the movement, the jolting that had gone on now for hours. This was no ambulance; it was a rough delivery truck. They had to get her out of here at once.

At this moment he heard outside the sputtering of a motor cycle, then with a sliding scream of brakes the truck stopped. His heart nearly stopped, too.

What happened? Fritz is talking to someone. The motor cycle police. I'll be found in here.

He put out his torch, crawled back over the coffin, and sat beside the door, knees drawn up, listening.

Over the noise of the engine, still running, he couldn't hear what was being said, but Fritz and another man were talking. The voice of the other man was sharp. Fritz answered slowly. There were intervals between their voices; filled, perhaps with hesitation, suspicion, scrutiny. Perhaps he was only showing his papers. Perhaps it was routine and they'd let him pass.

He heard a sharp, high word, and some reply from Fritz. The truck started. Whatever it was, it was over.

A little later the truck stopped again. Fritz opened the door. "Come up here," he said, quickly. "I have to talk to you."

Mark followed him, and he saw something was wrong. But Fritz didn't speak till they were back in the driver's seat and going again.

"What's happened?" Mark said.

"That was the highway police. I was afraid of running into one of them, but it was bad luck running into him up here."

"Why? He didn't look in."



"THIS seems a nice enough place to live!"

little irregular twitching of a cord. She opened her eyes fully, and in the light the pupils were dilated. He was sure now she saw him. Her lips, that were still colorless, seemed to make the shape of his name.

For a moment he thought: She's getting on well. But he saw that she still couldn't move at all. She couldn't speak or lift her hand. To dress her seemed too dangerous and delicate a thing to try.

Fritz had crawled in after him. He was looking at her over Mark's shoulder. He said in a low voice, "Madame's very sick."

Mark turned irritably. Of course she's sick. But it's all artificially produced. She'll be better by the time we get there. How much time have we now?

"An hour or so till daylight. Then we must kill time till eight o'clock."

"Better stay here a while," Mark said. "It's as good as any other place, isn't it? It won't be as cold as when we get higher up."

Fritz nodded.

For a long time they both watched her, taking turns rubbing her gently. They refilled the hot-water bottle. Fritz got out and walked to the main road to listen. At long intervals a car passed; a truck; then another car. Fritz was worried about the motor-cycle police.

She was conscious now, but she could do nothing. She couldn't speak. The joy of her being alive began to pass and anxiety flowed back again.

When Fritz came back, Mark said, "Do you think we can dress her?"

"We've got to."

"Let's wait a bit."

"Is she warm enough?"

"She's as warm as we can make

"No, but he asked questions. I had to tell him what I was doing. He knows now I'm taking the coffin to the village. I am allowed to do that. I have the papers. But how am I going to explain picking up and Madame Ritter up on the road three hours later, after the first train gets in? Because if I take you to an hotel then they'll notify the police of the accident. This fellow'll remember having seen me at five this morning, about ten minutes from the village. What was I doing in the interval—and still with the coffin? No, the hotel's out now."

Mark saw that the feeling of flight and of escape was nonsense. They hadn't really been getting out of a trap by a direct, swift passage to freedom. They had only been circling around in a slightly larger area, enclosed on all sides and still a trap.

He said despairingly, "She's not reacting as she should. It's too cold and she's being jolted around too much. If we don't get her somewhere she'll die."

They came out of the woods to an open stretch, and Fritz said, "The village is over there."

"What can we do?" Mark said. "We've got to get her somewhere at once."

Fritz drove slower. Finally he said, "Mr. Mark, there's only one chance now, and I don't know if that's a good one or not. But it's all I can think of. There's that American lady; her house is a quarter of a mile from here."

"I told you she knows me."

"We can't help it now if she does."

"She'll give us up."

"We'll have to chance that. But I don't think she will. You could tell her some story—enough to make her keep Madame Ritter there for a day. Even a few hours."

"She knows the whole thing."

"Everything?"

"Yes."

"You'll have to make her help you," Fritz said obstinately. "Unless you want Madame to die in there. Unless you want to take her to an hotel right now and try to tell them some cock-and-bull story."

Please turn to Page 44

How to make darkened BLONDE HAIR 2-4 shades lighter!



No injurious dyes or bleaches

When blonde hair darkens, your outstanding charm and personality fade. Lost is your distinctiveness—you become "one of the crowd." Don't rush and do nothing about it. Starblond will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter at once—in a gentle, natural way that brings back its former lusciousness, ravishing lustre and beauty that men admire. Blondes who want to prevent their hair darkening... for all natural fair hair... there is only one shampoo—STARBLOND. It is made especially for YOU. Get a packet today—economical—enough for 20 shampoos.

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Once Hearne's Glo-Rub begins its amazing work, the nasal passages are opened up, breathing is easy and natural, headache is relieved and that stuffy feeling vanishes. A Glo-Rub treatment is simplicity itself. You merely inhale the medicated vapour given off when a teaspoonful of Glo-Rub is put in boiling water. If you prefer, Glo-Rub can also be used by placing a little in each nostril. For comfort's sake never be without a jar of Glo-Rub—it costs only 2/.

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"BREATHE IT IN AND THE COLD WON'T BEGIN"

She was an Ailing child Now FULL of SPARKLE

Ann used to be "always ailing" until her worried mother sought advice. "It's just constipation," said the doctor, "give her California Syrup of Figs regularly. It's quite safe, because it's a natural laxative made specially for children." Now Ann is sparkling with health—and she just loves taking her Califig. It tastes so pleasant.

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
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DON'T suffer and worry with that rupture. The new Roussel Scientific Appliance has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands of men and women, and will do the same for you. It offers greater security, and enables you to do your work or indulge in your favorite sport without worry. We have so much confidence in this appliance that we are willing to supply one to suit your individual requirements on 14 days' Free Trial. We take all the risk. You do not stand to lose one penny.

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Send name and address and 3d stamp, and we will post you under plain sealed cover full details of the Roussel Appliance, copies of testimonials and self-measurement form. Learn also how YOU CAN WEAR ONE FOR A MONTH, ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK. TRY IT OUT in any way you think. If then, if you are not satisfied, it won't cost you a penny. YOU ARE TO BE THE SOLE JUDGE. If convenient, by all means, send you will be under no obligation. No matter where you live, we guarantee to fit you perfectly. ADDRESS: THE ROUSSEL APPLIANCE CO. (DEPT. 34), 81 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vacuoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Women Also Serve



MISS WINIFRED GATES, Red Cross representative at Caulfield Military Hospital, Melbourne, handing out cigarettes to convalescent patients.

Service men find ready help at military hospital

DIRECTIONS to visitors at Caulfield Military Hospital, Melbourne, always include a suggestion that the convalescent patient may be found at the Red Cross rooms.

Miss Winifred Gates has been Red Cross representative at the hospital for five years, but has been working there for fourteen.

In addition to running the rest rooms, Miss Gates sees that every man who enters the hospital receives a toothbrush, toothpaste, soap and washer, and is regularly supplied with tobacco and library books.

She has 500 women helpers. Those in the sewing group meet at regular intervals to make everything the hospital needs, from sheets and quilts to berets for the men who sleep out of doors. They also stitch supplies for overseas, and recently hemmed 150 sheets for Stomington Convalescent Hospital.

The tea groups serve morning and afternoon tea seven days a week. When the war began Miss Gates called together twelve of the tea group, who work among themselves to provide materials and wools for the sewing group.

Telephone girls start fund to purchase ambulance

ONE telephone call from Miss Valerie Macnamara, of Sydney, to a friend started the organisation of the City and Metropolitan Telephone Girls' War Fund.

"I just thought all the telephone girls might join together for war work," said Miss Macnamara.

"The word soon spread around, and now, after a month, we have over £300 towards the ambulance, which we intend to present to the R.A.A.F."

"We want every telephonist to work with us, and each member is asked to bring others to the meetings."

At the first meeting 200 girls were present. Mrs. Arnold W. Johnson was elected president, and Miss Macnamara secretary.

The office of the association is at the Orient Company (Tel. BW4461).

Is member of Women's Royal Naval Service

FINDING plenty of war work to do in England, made Miss Betty Samuel, of Brisbane, decide not to return to Australia as soon as she had intended.

Miss Samuel, who was instructor in physical culture in Brisbane secondary schools, left Australia last year to visit relatives in England.

In her latest letter she says, "I have decided to stay over here until the war is over, when I will be discharged from the Women's Royal Naval Service."

"The director of the W.R.N.S., Mrs. Laughton Mathews, has commenced a series of visits of inspection to different ports, and takes me as flag lieutenant."

"I find the work very strenuous, but the satisfactory part about it is that it is most necessary."

Ports they had visited included Chatham, Dover, Sheerness, Lynnhope, and Ramsgate, which was a four days' tour. A day was spent at Skegness, and five days at Devonport, Plymouth, and Fowey.



SEATED at her spinning wheel Miss Joyce Waterhouse works for the fighting forces. She can make woollen garments from the fleece to the finished article.

Spins, weaves, and knits wool for socks and rugs

TRANSFORMING fleeces into blankets, rugs and knitted articles suitable for army and navy men occupies every spare moment of Miss Joyce Waterhouse's time.

At her cottage in a most picturesque corner of the Adelaide hills, Miss Waterhouse has six spinning wheels and a loom which are in constant use. She is assisted by numerous friends and members of the Crafters Red Cross Circle, most of whom she has taught to spin.

Miss Waterhouse started spinning during the last war, when she was secretary of the Red Cross Spinning Industry. Since then she has learnt the art of weaving and has also experimented with home-made dyes most successfully.

After collecting the fleeces, Miss Waterhouse spins the wool and then dyes it to the color required. It is then knitted up into mufflers, vests or scarves or knitted into cloth for other warm clothing.

"Spinning and weaving are both pleasant occupations," said Miss Waterhouse, "and homespun wool has the definite advantage for our men of being warmer and lighter. If it is possible we hope that station owners will give us the black fleeces which would otherwise be discarded."

Crochets slippers for refugee children

BY crocheting strips cut from silk stockings, Mrs. G. M. Cox, of Penryth, South Australia, is making useful and attractive slippers for refugee children.

She took her first pair in to the Red Cross depot in May, and Lady Mawson, who supervises the packing of clothing for refugees, was so delighted with them that she asked Mrs. Cox to make all she could. In the first three weeks Mrs. Cox made seven pairs just in her spare time.

She sews the crocheted tops of the slippers to firm soles of strong carpet.

It takes five pairs of silk stockings for each pair of slippers, which are of the moccasin type. The strips are about 1½ inches wide.

Sometimes Mrs. Cox makes the slippers of strips of lingerie or even of lustre silk frocks. As this material is firmer she cuts the strips only 1½ in. wide.

"It does not hurt my fingers to crochet these strips. I use a rug-hook with a smooth wooden handle," she says. It was when Mrs. Cox was crocheting floor rugs that she got the idea of making crocheted bed covers for refugee children, and then later of doing slippers.

She says she has about 500 pairs of stockings waiting to be made up.

Mrs. Cox is president of the Penryth Red Cross Circle, which meets fortnightly at her home at Alberton. It is in three divisions. The senior members meet in the afternoon, the intermediate members, who are mostly business girls, meet in the evenings, and the juniors, who are led by Mrs. Cox's daughter Lorna, aged 12½, on Saturday afternoons.



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ZEBO IS EASY TO USE. There are no elaborate preparations with Zebo. You just shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, give a brisk polish, and it's done!



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Stop your child's choking, tearing cough — Vapo-Cresolene, inhaled while sleeping, brings quickest relief.

Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapour direct to irritated membranes of breathing organs. Does not upset the stomach. Druggists, easy to use. Disinfects the room and prevents the spread of infection.

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MRS. R. J. H. RISSEN, president, Mrs. Denis Duigan, honorary secretary, and Mrs. T. Curnow, vice-president, discuss a letter at a meeting of the Queensland Women's Royal Australian Air Club. Sponsored by the Women's Air Training Corps, the club will provide comforts for the R.A.A.F.

MARK looked in despair at the white circle in the stream of the headlight. Now, at last, I'm up against the decision. It was like being against the blade of a knife.

Fritz said, with a voice that suddenly had a note of nagging smugness in it, "You'd be surprised at what ladies will do for young gentlemen like yourself."

"All right—all right!" he cried distractedly. "We'll go there!"

A little later a letter-box sprang from the snow beside the road.

"It is just about here," Fritz said.

They saw a driveway leading off to the right. As their lights swung slowly into it a large black limousine without lights rose before them. The lights went on at once and the car passed them, turning out of the drive and into the road. They saw a man in uniform at the wheel, and inside a man leaning back on the far side. They couldn't see his face.

Fritz whistled. A few yards up the drive he stopped to be sure the other car had gone on. They watched its beam sliding up the roadway towards the village.

Fritz whistled again. "I was afraid she wasn't home," he said. "It seems she is." He was grinning with the ugly, cold satisfaction of the peeper.

Mark hated him and forgot for a moment even Emmy lying behind the coffin.

A little farther on they saw the house, with a rise of mountain behind it. Before the door, Fritz cut off the engine and the lights, and they sat in the midst of silence. Mark didn't speak or look at Fritz, but he got slowly down.

It was two very large chalets, with galleries and immense eaves, joined together by a closed gallery making a sort of court. Every window was dark, but the snow all around was lighted with a greenish pallor and the tall pine trees at one side were sharpening against a faintly luminous sky.

His heart grew more calm as he stood there looking at the countess' house. Not that he hoped for any peace in it, but then it looked safe and in a way that was strange and her own.

He rapped softly and urgently on the door.

At the front door the countess kissed Kurt good-bye. It was too cold for her to go into the vestibule. She closed the door and heard him close the outer one. Through a small window she watched him walk down the drive, down a little slope to where his car should be waiting behind evergreens. In the stillness of the early morning she heard the car starting.

Escape

Continued from Page 42

She began to take deep, free breaths. He was off, and she was alone in her own house, dark now and safe behind her. Along the road, now, she saw the long beam of his car. She gave a great sigh and turned to go upstairs.

But suddenly fright went through her. He was coming back. She heard the car on the driveway and then saw on the wall before her a bright flash from the headlight.

She turned and walked to the inner door and opened it. She heard then a soft, urgent knocking on the outer door.

The certainty of disaster held her where she stood. "Kurt," she whispered, "what's wrong?" But no one answered. She leaned toward the door and fumblingly drew back the lock.

Outside, a man was standing, but it wasn't Kurt. She heard his low, mumbling voice.

"I've come to you for help," he said. "I'm in fearful trouble. You're the only one in the world who can help me." His voice sounded unreal and ashamed.

"Do you want to hide here?" she whispered.

"No, not I. It's her I'm talking of. I've got her here. I have no place to take her."

"Her? You mean your mother?"

"Yes."

"You can't do that!"

But the other man was carrying something up the little walk. Carrying it right to her door, right to her.

"You can't," she repeated.

"I MUST, I MUST," he said. He stepped inside the door and drew her aside, holding her suddenly in his arms, flattening her against him to make room for the other. For a moment she felt his mouth awkwardly on her cheek, young, ice-cold and trembling. Then he let her go. He took the great bundle from the man, staggered into the dark hall with it.

"Turn on the light," he said firmly. She followed him, put out her hand and turned on the light. Then she saw the long black braid dangling from his arm.

She screamed, throwing both hands across her mouth. "Not here! Not here!"

"Where can I put her?" he said.

"Quick. I'm afraid she's dying."

The word came out automatically.

"Upstairs," she said.

He leaned against the newel post of the stairs and the woman he carried sagged out of his arms till her feet rested on the floor.

His grey eyes looked at her blindly, furiously, begging for help.

The man who had followed him took hold and together they began to climb the stairs, carrying their burden between them. The countess followed.

At the top step she said, "Here," and slipped past them, leading the way down a long hall. She opened a door, turned on the light. There was a great bed. Mark saw it, and with his last strength laid Emmy Ritter on it.

Afterwards he couldn't remember what they did. Someone took her shoes off, and the fur coat, turned back the covers and laid her inside. The hot-water bottle fell out. The countess picked it up and said, "It's cold." She opened a door into a bathroom where he heard her letting the hot water run. She came back with the bottle and slipped it between the sheets.

"The water's always hot," she said. "I'll get mine, too." She went out and came back with another bottle.

The countess wore a long white robe with a red cord at the waist, her ash-colored hair, very long, hung down her back. When the countess leaned over her, Mark said, "Is she alive?"

"Yes." It was Emmy Ritter's voice which had answered.

Then Fritz's voice came, full of grudging concern. "You lie down, too. Here on the couch. No need to do any more." He put a pillow under Mark's head.

The countess stood outside the door with Fritz. She turned the key in the lock and slipped the key out, holding it in her hand.

Fritz said, "There's no need for me to thank the gracious lady. These two in there, they'll never forget."

She looked at him and saw he was a servant and an old man.

"What happens now?" she asked. "It's not over, by any means."

"No," he admitted gloomily, "not at all. The most delicate part remains."

"What do you do?"

Fritz shrugged. There was no use to tell her.

"Madame Ritter died last night," he said. He watched her closely to see the effect of each word. He saw that her face was still full of horror and pity. "She died of a heart attack. I'm an old servant of hers and I claimed the body. Mr. Mark, naturally, was with me. We found that she wasn't really dead. So we got her out and revived her. You can't expect us to turn her over to them again."

"I don't think I believe you," the countess said, "but I suppose it doesn't matter."

"The gracious lady need fear nothing," he told her. "I've arranged everything satisfactorily so far. I can arrange to get Madame Ritter out of here with no inconvenience to anyone in a few days."

She didn't answer, but he boldly took her assent for granted.

She began to walk towards the stairs, and Fritz walked with her. "The young man can't stay here," she said. "That's impossible."

"Naturally," Fritz agreed. "An hour's sleep and a good breakfast will cure him. Then he can get up and come to the inn. I'll leave his bags in the hall for him. Besides, I want him to come to the funeral this afternoon. It looks better, in case anyone should find out he was here."

"Funeral?"

The old man looked at her with his whole face turned to acid triumph. In this moment he seemed to feel that he had got the best of anyone who, in all his life, had ever thought, in his blindness, that he was smarter than Fritz Keller.

"Madame Ritter's funeral," he said sardonically. "Oh, yes, we're burying her this afternoon at three. Why, I've got the coffin out there now." He waved a long supple hand towards the well of the stairs. "I've got to be going, too. It's daylight. Would the gracious lady be kind enough to tell the young man that he's to be at the church in the village at three o'clock?"

He went out to the truck and brought back Mark's bags. She now seemed much more controlled, and said slowly, "I hope you understand that this whole thing was forced on me. I couldn't leave a dying woman in the snow. I don't want



Military Mood and the Mode

● REFLECTING London's military mood, this heavy cloth coat has huge patch pockets and a slender silhouette. A swinging cape and cosy fur collar complete the "uniform."

to turn Madame Ritter over to the police. But you'll have to get her out to-day. She can't stay in this house to-night. That's entirely impossible."

Fritz stood turning his battered hat in his hands. "You don't give me much time."

"Until to-night," she said firmly. "After that I'll have to notify the police."

Fritz, after a moment, nodded acceptance. "Kiss your hand, gracious lady," he said, and caught her hand and kissed it with an obviously natural servility, as the old-fashioned servants used to do. "There is no danger, gracious lady," he added.

She stood again in her hall. All the windows were grey. Not twenty minutes ago she had stood here in the dark, paralysed with fear. But she wasn't afraid now. At any rate, to go to a phone, to ring the police, to say "Madame Ritter is here," was impossible.

From the little closet under the stairs, the phone rang sharply, and then another fear came, a simple, new fear easily supportable.

"That's Kurt," she said. The bell might as well have been his voice. She ran to answer it before it should ring again.

"It's Ruby," she said at once.

"Did I wake you?"

"No."

"As I left, a car turned into your drive. A queer thing like a delivery truck. What was it?"

"I don't know. I heard it too. It turned around and went out. It must have mistaken the road."

"It didn't stop?"

"No."

"WELL, that's all right then. I was a little uneasy. It seemed so queer at that hour."

"No, it's all right."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm making some coffee for myself. I feel very wakeful."

"Better go back to sleep. I'll be there by four."

"Good."

"Good-bye, my dear."

She went to her kitchen and turned on the light. In great haste, and trembling with excitement, she put coffee on, made toast and boiled four eggs. She got a big tray and also cut one or two slices of ham and cheese, and put the remains of a fruit compote on a plate. What else could she take up now? Perhaps enough coffee to last all day, in a vacuum jug, a jug of warm milk. Rolls on a napkin, butter, cookies—these would have to do. More would be missed.

She carried the heavy tray upstairs to the room she had chosen for them. It was a room used when her house was full, as it often was in summer. In the winter, no one went in it. She set the tray down

and unlocked the door, picked it up and carried it in.

The light was still on, though the daylight was clear outside. Mark, on the couch, did not stir. From the bed, the dark eyes of Emmy Ritter watched her come in.

"I have some food for you," the countess said. "Could you eat a little of it?"

"Some milk, I think, yes."

"An egg, too, perhaps."

"If you'll be good enough to help me."

The countess sat down by the bed, broke the top off an egg and fed her soft spoonfuls. She held a glass of warm milk to her lips. Emmy swallowed slowly. They attended to this seriously in silence. The countess watched her as she ate, and saw first the rugged strength of her bones, barely covered by emaciated skin. Her eyes, with their still-dilated pupils and wandering look, were magnificent. So was her thick hair.

Please turn to Page 46



6 PARACHUTE JUMPS IN 261 MINUTES! World's record held by expert parachute jumper, Ben Turner, who has "bailed out" 297 times! Ben makes and tests his own parachutes! With stamina and strength for his work essential, Ben says "Bonox is the stuff to give you a lift! As for colds... well, Bonox chases them away!" Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream, builds up your resistance against colds. Keep your head above the flu line with Bonox. Drop into any hotel, cafe or milk bar and have a steaming cupful of Bonox. Or buy some on your way home. Have Bonox before bed. Bonox is sold in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16 oz. sizes.



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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has just left a ship at Cokaigine with LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They hope to rescue PRINCESS NARDA: From a marriage to AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: Who is plotting with PRINCE SEGRID: Narda's brother, to murder Mandrake.

Several attempts by their agents have failed, and on going ashore Mandrake leaves by plane for the capital. The agents report their failure to the Duke, and at the border a wallet is "planted" in Mandrake's pocket and he is arrested for smuggling currency. NOW READ ON.



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LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

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Moore's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practicing surgeon.

All good chemists keep it in stock.

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmitin (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Escape

Continued from Page 44

THIS was the woman Kurt had seen as a girl in her mother's house, young, thin, and with devouring eyes, too robust, too vital, like a handsome boy. Now her illness made her sexless again, in spite of long braids. The collar of the grey prison gown was like that of a man's old-fashioned nightshirt.

"I think I've been taking a drug," Emmy said.

"Don't mind that," the countess said. "It will pass off."

"I don't know where I am," Emmy said. "It's not a hospital, is it?"

"No, it's my house."

"Have I seen you before?"

"No."

Emmy closed her eyes and frowned as though she were trying to think it all out.

"I believe you're being very kind to me," she said finally.

The countess stood by her bed, looking across to the couch where Mark lay asleep.

"No, no," she murmured, politely, "it's nothing."

Emmy opened her eyes and tried to concentrate. "But I think you are. I won't ask why," she said with difficulty. "People have a right to do these things without questions or too much gratitude."

The countess had no idea what to say to this, but she felt again that she'd made her choice, and that it stretched farther than she'd realized.

"Are you warm enough?" she asked.

"Yes, quite warm, thank you." She lifted her head slightly, so she could see over the curve of the pillow.

"That is Mark, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," the countess said.

Emmy's face relaxed suddenly in a helpless, happy smile.

The countess felt, herself, a little shock of happiness. "Oh, yes, it's he," she said.

"I thought so a while ago. But in the truck I thought I was dead. Is the doctor here?" she asked.

"No; no doctor is here."

Emmy's eyelids closed slowly again. She seemed to go to sleep. Suddenly she said clearly, "I wasn't worth it."

The countess stood waiting for her to say more. But she had dozed off. Only one more thing was necessary.

She leaned over and said close to her ear, "I want you to have a long, quiet rest. I'm going to pull the curtain a little and turn out the light. Will you remember to be very quiet? Don't call for anything or ring. I'll come in from time to time to see if there's anything you want."

Emmy nodded.

The countess turned out the light and drew the curtain. The room was full of twilight again. She was about to go, but she thought of something. She took the fur coat that lay on the chair and spread it slowly over Mark. He didn't stir.

Then she went out and locked the door behind her and took the key. She ran downstairs, and in the hall she heard her servants in the kitchen. She saw Mark's shabby bag and his painting box standing by the door. She gathered them up noiselessly and put them in the back of the dark little closet where the phone was. Then she went to the kitchen door and opened it.

Kathe and Juli were fixing breakfast trays. They stared at her.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, gracious lady." "I couldn't sleep," she said. "I came down early and got some coffee and some fruit for myself. Please bring me another cup to the writing-room."

She sat down at the desk to write a note. This was to be instructions for Mark when he should wake; how he was to get out of the house without being seen. Or perhaps being seen, but not causing surprise. How could that be?

She looked out the window to the rock garden; a little path through the snow led to the drive. It will be as though he came up the drive, she thought, and in this door. Only he needn't really come in; so, of course, no one will see him. He'll come to the hall as we're all at lunch and call out: "Anyone here?" and I'll say: "Why, it's Mr. Preysing. Come on in. But how did you get in?" "I just wandered in by that little side door. I'm on my way from the station. I walked." Each servant will think only that he failed to see or hear him. Then he'll lunch, and

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 10.—

The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

THURSDAY, July 11.—

June Marsden—Astrology for Boys and Girls, Special Playlets for Children.

FRIDAY, July 12.—The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

SATURDAY, July 13.—

Rhapsodies in Rhythm.

SUNDAY, July 14.—

Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk.

Interpreting Horoscopes of World Personalities.

MONDAY, July 15.—The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

TUESDAY, July 16.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

I'll call him a car from the village. It's very simple. This was to be slipped in an envelope under his door.

On the wide desk there was a notebook left open, with a pencil laid across it. She knew whose it was, because the girls never came in here. When her pencil point broke, she reached for this one, and her eye lingered on the fine, neat, almost womanish script. It was the book Kurt was writing. The thought of him filled her with fear and foreboding.

But the note had to be written and she went on. "At exactly 12.45, will you please come downstairs and take your bags, which are in the closet where the telephone is under the stairs? Please be sure no one sees you come down. You will know we are at lunch by the voices from the dining-room at the back of the house and the sound of dishes—"

To be continued



YOUTHFUL CANDIDATES for radio fame gather round the microphones for an audition. The stars of "under twenty-one" are popular on many broadcasting programmes.

Boys shyer than girls in radio auditions

Search for future stars in 2GB "Youth Show"

Australian boys are shyer than girls when it comes to auditions for radio careers.

In the recent quest for talented young musicians for the 2GB "Youth Show," applications from girls far outnumbered those from boys.

ALTHOUGH the casts for the first three performances of "The Youth Show" have been completed, 2GB officials are not yet satisfied that they have heard all the available talent in Sydney.

They are now issuing a general invitation to all ambitious musicians under 21, asking them to apply for auditions either as instrumentalists, vocalists, or comedians.

Mr. Russell Scott, the well-known actor and producer, who is producing "The Youth Show," told The Australian Women's Weekly that he had been amazed by the wealth of talent offering, particularly among the girls.

"We want now to find boys with the necessary talent and personality, so that we can achieve the right balance throughout our shows," he said. "It isn't that Australian boys haven't got radio talent; I think the explanation is that they are shyer in coming forward."

Plenty of talent

TYPICAL of the talent already offering is a young girl with a pure coloratura soprano, a boy baritone, a girl of fourteen with a mezzo-soprano of amazing range and quality, and a boy piano-accompanist who is in addition a first-class comedian.

But there is plenty of room in "The Youth Show" for further talent.

Mr. Scott went on to stress that "The Youth Show" is not a presentation of child prodigies, but a medium through which the youthful talent of Australia, without apologies for their youth, can be presented with the confidence that they are equal to the more seasoned players and singers.

Even the commercial announcements will be handled by a young man of nineteen. He is Reg Johnston, who, while not so widely known as Robin Ordell, the compere and originator of the show, has established quite a name for himself as the junior announcer on 2GB.

His is the quiet, pleasant voice that is heard conducting the Saturday and Sunday morning sessions on 2GB.

He is typical of the younger generation in radio.

Even as a schoolboy at North Sydney High School he had planned that his career would be either in journalism or radio.

To this latter end he joined the school debating team and became its leader. He also took every opportunity to develop his dramatic talent and played the part of Captain Phillip, the first Governor, at the school's pageant held at the Sydney Town Hall during the 150th Anniversary Celebrations, also hand-



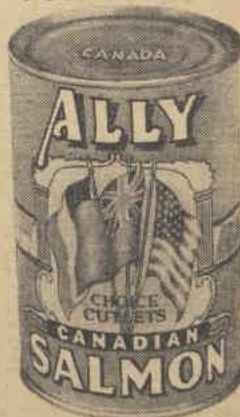
REG. JOHNSTON, who will be heard as announcer in the 2GB "Youth Show," which begins on July 17.

ling the narrative for the Anzac scenes in the same show.

A keen reader, a hard worker, and ambitious to make his way in the radio world, Reg Johnston is a typical young Australian gifted with talent and personality.

The opening date of "The Youth Show" will be Wednesday, July 17, and it will be heard every Wednesday night at 8.30.

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It's flavour sealed In quarter, half and one pound tins.

Men's Hearts BEAT FASTER

MAKE MEN'S HEARTS beat faster—give your lips warm, kiss-inviting allure. Touch them with Michel Lipstick. Notice how comfortable and satin-smooth it leaves them—what a fresh young color it gives them—how its subtle fragrance helps make them irresistible. That's because Michel is a cunningly blended lipstick that conditions and protects your lips as it beautifies them. Its perfectly balanced consistency keeps your mouth fresh and kiss-inviting the clock round. Seven beautifying shades—Blonde, Brunette, Vivid, Raspberry, Capucine, Cherry, Scarlet.

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Michel
MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE



Lighthearted story of a happy family

Rich humor in tale of the Tuttles

Every now and again a book-reviewer strikes one of those novels which makes him forget that reading, for him, is a job of work; the kind of novel, in short, which is enjoyable from the very start and is put aside reluctantly when the last paragraph is read.

"No More Gas," by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, is one of those rare stories that makes one forget wars and the troubled world we live in.

THE Tuttles, three parts Tahitian and one part New England, are people who will bring joy to the heart of any normal man or woman.

This numerous clan, headed by the exuberant Jonas, have a gaiety, a magnificent generosity and courage, an unquenchable joie de vivre, that is as infectious as measles.

Prodigal, and with absolutely no ability to hold on to money, they live at Vaipopo, the ancestral Tuttle home, built by old Nathaniel Tuttle when he first settled down with his Tahitian bride, once full of the heavy furniture of the 80's, but now stripped to the barest necessities. Life is a simple affair of fishing, singing, dreaming and, whenever possible, putting on a feast to which every acquaintance who can manage to do so turns up.

There is an almost incredible vitality about the Tuttles. "Carefree, improvident, they lived with gusto from day to day; to-morrow's needs would be met when they came; nevertheless, they clung to their land."

It is this passionate attachment to Vaipopo, home of the clan, which leads to the drama towards the end of the book. The Tuttles—men and women—are ardent followers of cock-fighting. When Chester, the second eldest boy, returns to Tahiti after three years' roving, he brings with him a game-cock of such superb promise that when he is matched with another unknown bird (also a dark horse) every penny the clan can scrape up or borrow is wagered on the result.

Effie Tuttle even bets all her household furniture, the boys throw in their musical instruments. The result, when, after a terrific battle, the Tuttle bird is defeated, is cataclysmic.

The clan is penniless, payment of the 18,000 francs owing by Jonas to his old financial stand-by, Dr. Blondin, is once more impossible.

The shifts by which Jonas and his sons try to get by, the stratagems used to get sufficient petrol to enable them to take their launch out after fish—these things are not only amusing but very human. A malign fate seems to pursue these people

who have been endowed with an ability to enjoy life such as is granted to few, but with it a congenital incapacity to act with financial caution.

Their reactions when a colossal stroke of good fortune comes their way are typical of them. After being nearly lost at sea in their launch, Zimba, the boys come upon an abandoned sailing ship, loaded with timber and petrol. They succeed in towing her to port, arriving just after the mourning ceremony for them has been held. They sell their rights in the ship and cargo for 400,000 francs—a dream sum to such as the Tuttles.

What follows is pure Tuttle. An entertainment on an unprecedented scale is turned on at Vaipopo; it continues for weeks.

Open-hearted Jonas showers money upon every deserving and undeserving case of his acquaintance.

Cheque book after cheque book is gone through. Inside two months there is not a franc left, and, what

is worse, the 18,000 francs carefully put away to pay off the mortgage on Vaipopo have disappeared. This is the second occasion when tragedy falls on the clan; and again it is not until all seems lost that a deity with a sense of justice so arranges things that they emerge triumphant.

Jonas himself is a magnificent character, one of the most lovable characters fiction has given us for many a long day.

Life, even for the easy-going Tuttles, however, is not always a Tahitian idyll. Tragedy hovers at times, and it is greatly to the authors' credit as craftsmen that the dignity with which Jonas is invested at such times is no less impressive than his normal carelessness.

When, for example, his four sons and his little grandson are believed to be drowned, and friends come from miles around to join the family in the traditional mourning ceremony, his speech to them has the simplicity and unsophisticated nobility which could only come from a truly good man.

Actually, you could open this book at almost any page, and strike something worthy of praise. It is one of those rare stories that has gusto, and a quality of laughter that is all too infrequently met with.

"No More Gas," by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Chapman and Hall.



TAHITIAN GIRLS (farewell the ship. Scenes like this abound in Nordhoff and Hall novels of the South Seas.

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.***

ARE YOU SERVING MEALS THAT LACK THESE 3 VITAL VITAMINS?

- B₁** — necessary for steady nerves, good digestion.
- B₂** — necessary for sturdy growth.
- PP** (THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR) — necessary for clear, healthy skin.

VEGEMITE, THE ONLY DELICIOUS, INEXPENSIVE YEAST EXTRACT THAT GIVES SUCH A CONCENTRATED SUPPLY OF THESE VITAMINS



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Lack of Vitamin B₁ often results in serious nervous disorders. If you are run down and get that "weak, nervy feeling," then stir a third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite into a glass of warm milk. It's the finest nerve tonic of all. Vitamin B₁ soon calms jittery nerves.



WEAK STOMACH — Too little Vitamin B₁.

Active bowels, a healthy intestinal tract, and steady nerves can be built up when baby is very young. But often fallen stomach, weakened intestines and many obscure nerve disorders come from an undersupply of Vitamin B₁. Make sure that your child is given plenty of Vegemite—and Vitamin B₁.



PP.

UGLY PIMPLES! — Too little Vitamin P.P.

Pimples break out when the system is not getting enough Vitamin P.P., the anti-pellagic factor. You can keep your own skin and your children's clear and healthy by serving Vegemite daily. Vegemite supplies your system with a concentrated supply of the skin-clearing vitamin — P.P.

STUNTED GROWTH — Lack of Vitamin B₂.

Pretfal, weak, under-nourished children are often poorly supplied with Vitamin B₂ — the growth vitamin. This vitamin is especially needed to ensure proper development of body tissues and build up all-round good health. Vegemite gives you a concentrated supply of this Vitamin B₂.



B₂

You need

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Make it hot for your cold in a Mustard Bath



No more sniffs and sneezes after a Mustard Bath. Colds that get into hot water (plus Keen's Mustard) just can't survive.

It doesn't take much to drown a cold. Two or three tablespoons of Keen's Mustard are sufficient. A foot bath, of course, needs less. And next time — take a Mustard Bath as soon as you feel a cold coming on.

Be sure it's KEEN'S Mustard



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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of
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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A new bowel movement down 't' gets at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS by name. Steadily reform anything else. 1/6.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ THE GREAT VICTOR

HERBERT

(Week's Best Release)

Mary Martin, Allan Jones. (Paramount.)

YOU will enjoy this film for the singing and the music only.

Victor Herbert's delightful melodies are sung by three talented artists—Allan Jones, Mary ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") Martin, and fifteen-year-old Susanna Foster.

Smiling Mary Martin looks like Claudette Colbert with her cheeks drawn in. Susanna is a treasured, white-faced young thing with an amazing vocal range. Susanna's singing of "Kiss Me Again" is a highlight of the film.

Both these girls are graceful personalities, but have still a lot to learn about acting. So has Allan Jones.

The feeble story, I must admit, doesn't give anybody much chance to display histrionic ability.

Concocted star of Victor Herbert's operettas, Allan Jones, marries unknown singer Mary Martin. With his marriage Jones' popularity wanes—but Mary skyrockets to stardom.

Then in the spirit of self-sacrifice wife retires from her career to leave the field open for her husband. She has a child, who later grows up to be Susanna Foster.

But it takes Jones fourteen years to realise he is no longer a star, and to learn to make the best of it.

Hovering in the background is Victor Herbert, played effectively by the late Walter Connolly.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ I TAKE THIS WOMAN

Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr. (MGM.)

THIS is a rambling, penny noveletteish romantic drama, illuminated by Spencer Tracy's easy charm and whimsical humor.

But a more incongruous couple than Tracy and Hedy Lamarr I have yet to see.

Hedy, with her melting brunette beauty, made for luxury, and Tracy, very much the rough diamond and far too old, belongs in different worlds.

Fortunately the love-making is confined to handclasp and tender looks. Tracy never does get round to bestowing a kiss on the delectable Hedy.

(How he could have resisted the temptation is beyond my comprehension.)

Tracy plays an earnest doctor, head of a free medical clinic. He marries a glamorous model, Hedy Lamarr, hoping to win her love, although he knows that she has not forgotten her Park Avenue playboy (Kent Taylor), who is married to another Verree Teasdale, as Hedy's brittle, fast-talking friend, is amusing.

And it is quite a treat to see Miss Lamarr in really stunning modern clothes.—State; showing.

★ KNIGHTS OF THE RANGE

Russell Hayden, Jean Parker. (Paramount.)

MADE by Harry Sherman, producer of the Hopalong Cassidy films, this is a sound, enjoyable Western which combines rousing action with beautiful scenic panoramas.

Film is based on a Zane Grey story of cattle-rustling in early Oklahoma.

Russell Hayden plays an adventurous youth who becomes involved with a cattle-rustling gang headed by sinister Victor Jory. But he reforms in time to save the ranch of beautiful Jean Parker and her father.

Hayden, customarily overshadowed by William Boyd in the Hopalong

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average

No stars — below average.

Cassidy series, makes an attractive hero, Jean Parker a vivacious heroine.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

Edmund Gwenn, Mary Maguire. (United Artists.)

I CANNOT imagine a film more unsuitable for wartime entertainment.

For its one link with this war is a scene showing "foreign" parachutists landing in England.

It is old-fashioned melodrama in which a "foreign" agent gains the friendship of an artless English family, plants a wireless station in their attic, and guides hordes of invading bombing planes by a direction-finding beam. When a British flier bombs the house the whole invasion fails. And the "enemy" is not identified by as much as a swastika.

The story was originally written in 1908 as a play by Col. Guy du Maurier to warn English people of their apathy in defence measures.

That the film's producers should have thought such a warning necessary now is inexplicable. Indeed, in the light of present events, the plot is ludicrous.—Embassy; showing.

★ ZANZIBAR

Lola Lane, James Craig. (Universal.)

THOSE who like jungle films will get their money's worth out of this fantastic little melodrama.

Lola Lane plays an intrepid hunter-explorer, who is on the trail of the skull of a long-departed native Sultan of Zanzibar.

The natives in possession hold it in superstitious awe, believing that when it is removed the local volcano will erupt.

Shipwrecked off the coast without food or guns, Lola treks into the interior, facing the most amazing variety of danger.

Jungle scenes include savage battles between lions, tigers, leopards, a native uprising, and, finally, the expected volcanic eruption.

James Craig, who looks like Cary Grant, is bound to appeal to the women, although unhappy-looking Miss Lane won't make impression on the men.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** (plus) Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel ranking as finest film of any year. Liberty, 10th week.

*** R e e e e s. Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier in moving, beautifully-produced drama from Daphne Du Maurier's book. Regent, 4th week.

*** My Son, My Son. Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward in finely-acted dramatization of novel. Century, 2nd week.

*** Broadway Melody of 1940. Eleanor Powell, Fred Astaire in feat of tap-dancing. St. James, 2nd week.

*** Till We Meet Again. Merle Oberon, George Brent in emotionally appealing, tragic drama. Plaza, 2nd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

MADELINE CARROLL, who recently left Hollywood for Paris, is now in Spain, looking for her fiancé, Lieutenant Richard de la Rosiere, who served in a French bombing squadron.

De la Rosiere was last heard of in Madrid.

Madeline was divorced in December from Captain Philip Astley, an English officer.

WARNER BROS. announces that Jimmy Stewart will appear in "No Time for Comedy." Instead of "Honeymoon for Three," Stewart is under contract to MGM, but owes Warners one picture.

"No Time for Comedy," which was presented on the stage by Katherine Cornell and Laurence Olivier, had great success in New York and on the road.

ARLEEN WHELAN, the little manicurist who leapt to fame a year or so ago, has just signed a new long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox. For some time after her much-publicised debut, Arleen appeared only in secondary roles while undergoing training in the studio dramatic school.

But she was recently sent off on a personal appearance tour and made a big hit with the fans. As a result, producer Darryl Zanuck decided to draw up a new contract.

MGM studio has an unusually strong cast for its coming musical, "Ziegfeld Girl." Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, George Murphy, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan have all signed to work in the film.

BARBARA STANWYCK, who has had her Marwyck Ranch on the market for many months now, hasn't found a buyer yet, so she is renting the ranch to MGM studio as a location for "One Came Home," a racing story.

The stables and training track at Marwyck will be seen in the picture as the property owned by Lewis Stone and Maureen O'Sullivan and Lynne Carver, who play Stone's daughters.

DOROTHY LAMOUR, returning from a holiday in Hawaii, told friends she had discovered romance in the Islands—in the person of a handsome officer stationed over there. Dorothy refused to disclose his name, but announced he was tall, dark, handsome, and wore a moustache.

TONY MARTIN, who has been keeping busy lately with personal appearances and radio work, will play in the next "Broadway Melody" film with Eleanor Powell and Judy Garland.

In a generous mood, Robert Taylor complied with a request from his old university at Pomona to act as one of the judges in a one-act play writing contest. The other day seventy manuscripts arrived for him to read!

They had neglected to tell Bob that over forty colleges were competing in the contest!

ERROL FLYNN'S attractive sister Rosemary, who was mentioned as a screen possibility during her visit to Hollywood last year, has returned to Ireland with her parents. According to Flynn, she is now training to serve in the Red Cross ambulance patrol.

I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH IT COSTS—MY PHOTOGRAPH MUST BE A SPEAKING LIKENESS



BOY! WHAT A SHOT! WAIT TILL YOU SEE THIS HONEY—



YOU CAN SEE THE PROOFS NOW—THANK YOU.



YEEOW!!!—YOU BRUTE! CANCEL THE ORDER IMMEDIATELY!



WELL, THAT'S MY BEST CUSTOMER GONE—AND, BY HECK, THOSE CHEAP LAMPS IN THE STUDIO ARE GOING TOO! FROM NOW ON I'LL USE PHILIPS LAMPS AND SEE!!!



The Movie World

July 13, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page



FOR LINDA...

Mother knows best

LINDA DARNELL, the enchanting little brunette of "Daytime Wife," goes out with only one man in Hollywood—because mother says so.

The lucky young fellow is a former school companion, Robert Shaw.

Mrs. Darnell believes that her eighteen-year-old daughter is too young for romance. But Linda must attend premieres and other Hollywood functions. So, at Mrs. Darnell's request to the studio, Bob has been appointed her official escort.

Mrs. Darnell brought Linda to Hollywood eighteen months ago. She has been looking after her ever since. A few months ago they were joined by her father and younger brother and sister.

She receives plenty of flowers from admirers, to which she returns a polite note of thanks.

She never accepts engagements of which her mother doesn't approve.

In Hollywood Linda knows plenty of young people, goes roller-skating and to the pictures. She is still attending high school, and studies singing, dancing and deportment at the Fox talent school. She and Bob Shaw are warm friends (Bob has already received several movie offers).

Linda (born Monette Elyose Darnell) comes from a homely middle-west family. Daughter of a post office clerk, she lived her first fifteen years in the town of Dallas, Texas—1000 miles from Hollywood. She has won fame and comparative riches with bewildering rapidity. Her family are determined that Hollywood adulation shall not interfere with her ultimate happiness.

The story of her sudden rise to fame is told in her coming film, "Star Dust," which is based on her own life story.

• The loveliest Cinderella: Linda Darnell, postman's daughter, high school girl from the middle-west, whose demure, dark beauty has captured Hollywood. She will be seen this year with Tyrone Power in "Brigham Young" and "The Great Commandment."

Superstition rules their lives

SEVERAL modern Hollywood stars indulge old-fashioned superstitions.

Sensible Bette Davis, for example, refuses to walk under a ladder.

If a black cat crosses her path, she is upset for a week.

Robert Taylor won't let anybody whistle in his dressing-room. Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom carries a rabbit's foot wherever he goes.

He keeps it safe in his waistcoat pocket.

Constance Bennett not only refuses to wear green, but will not have the color anywhere in her home or in her dressing-room in the studios.

The only green she'll agree to is the grass—and she can't do anything about that.

Charles Boyer even let his pet superstition interfere with his career. He turned down the masculine lead in the Deanna Durbin hit, "It's a Date," simply because it was Deanna's seventh picture!

Deanna's previous six films have all been successes. The romantic Frenchman thought the seventh might be a jinx.

Rather than be associated with a " flop" picture, he decided to wait until the "second cycle" of luck began.

"It's a Date," one of Deanna's most successful films, has given a fresh impetus to the career of Walter Pidgeon, who got Boyer's discarded role.

Director George Cukor also has a curious belief which interferes with his work.

He will not have the two top stars of one of his pictures on the set at the same time during the first day.

Joan was amazed

WHEN Cukor began "Susan and God," he told Joan Crawford she wouldn't have to work the first day.

The second day he told Frederic March not to report. Production was delayed, but Cukor was quite satisfied that he'd done his best to make the film a success.

Brilliant director Leo McCarey is another director with a superstition—which flatters two Hollywood stars.

Whenever he is planning a new, original film story, McCarey always refers to its hero and heroine as "Cary" and "Irene."

Reason for this little foible is obvious. McCarey has directed Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in several films—each one has been a hit.

He considers even their names are lucky.

Everyone is Raving About This Thrilling New Type Shampoo!



IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered
with cloudy film.

CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft,
shining like silk.

Any Colour Hair Shines Like Silk!

It's hard to believe, but true! This new type Colimated 'foam' Shampoo literally transforms the appearance of any hair.

Yes! Look at the girl in this picture, one shampoo with Colimated will make the magical difference you see! This girl herself says: "I am so thrilled about Colimated 'foam' Shampoo! It adds a silky lustre and shimmer to the hair!" So try it soon. Get ready for the compliments then, too, for men cannot resist a shining head of hair.

Just how this unusual shampoo

works these miracles is a scientific secret. IT ISN'T AN OIL, IT ISN'T SOAP—IT ISN'T ANYTHING YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE. Scientists have brought us something brand new: a shampoo so different they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops, and instantly get a glorious billowy foam in any kind of water—5 TIMES MORE THAN ANY SOAP LATHER. Rub it briskly into the hair, rinse once and you're through.

"What?" you say, "No second rinse?"

No vinegar or special after-rinse?"

No—not one extra rinse! That's the marvellous part. This new type shampoo, being neither oil nor soap, can't make that gummy, unrinseable film ordinary alkaline soap or powder shampoos leave to cover up natural lustre. So your hair comes out radiant and glamorous, silky and smooth! Best of all, any loose dandruff disappears, leaving your scalp clean and alive.

Another thing—you'll find Colimated 'foam' Shampoo the most economic you've ever used too—a half-teaspoonful gives a rich shampoo, so it goes a lot further. You can get it at any chemist or toilet counter anywhere.



• He doesn't have to work after 6 p.m. Established star Bing Crosby, shown on the set with his youngest son, Lindsay, aged two, and Gloria Jean, his co-star in Universal's "If I Had My Way," can demand almost any terms from his studio.

How Hollywood contracts affect private lives

VARIETY, suspense, the personal touch—all these exciting qualities are included in the Hollywood contract.

Most business agreements are routine affairs. But movie contracts are different. Probably unique in the world, they are capable of guiding their owners' every move, personal as well as professional, for any period up to seven years.

For instance, if a starlet wants to get out of a date with a persistent suitor she may often truthfully say, "So sorry, but I've already been night-clubbing three times this week, and that's the limit allowed by my contract."

Or, having accepted the date, she

SEDUCTIVE DOROTHY LAMOUR CAN'T CUT HER HAIR SHORT, COMEDIAN GUY KIBBEE HAS TO STAY BALD

By Barbara Bourchier, in Hollywood

may arrive at the cocktail lounge at Ciro's and order plain lemonade, with a "Sorry to make you drink alone, Horace, but you see there's a clause in my contract—I'm not supposed to be seen taking a drink in public."

And if on some pleasant evening under the Californian moon Horace takes a couple of deep breaths and proposes, he should not be too surprised if the object of his affection says with a sigh, "I'd just love to

marry you, Horace—but would you mind waiting two years?—you see, it's in my contract."

Make no mistake about it—such things do happen. Almost every contract handed a young player contains clauses bearing on his personal life, designed to prevent him from getting unfavorable publicity or engaging in activities that might damage his enthusiasm or capacity for hard work at the studio.

Many young players are ordered to steer clear of matrimony until they are more settled in their careers—and, similarly, not a few married players have contract clauses forbidding them to get divorced and remarried until the contract runs out, lest the publicity damage their box-office standing.

No alterations!

STUDIOS frequently insert contract clauses to prevent established players from making any changes in their physical appearances.

Dorothy Lamour, for instance, is forbidden to cut her long hair, and many players cannot change the color of their hair without their studios' permission.

Comedian Guy Kibbee, famed for his shining bald pate, is ordered to refrain from the use of any device that might increase the growth of his hair. Johnny Weissmuller, on the other hand, must keep his hair at least three inches long for his Tarzan roles—even if kids do make fun of him.

When a star becomes established, he can turn the tables, and demand any number of personal concessions. Garbo, Bing Crosby, Norma Shearer, and Gary Cooper have clauses in their contracts which say that they cannot work after six p.m. Garbo has the same crew on all her pictures, and is legally entitled to go on strike if the studio lets visitors go to her set.

Stars frequently demand the same cameraman or dress designer on all their pictures, and see that such stipulations are made in their contracts. Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford are among those whose contracts permit them to pass all "still" pictures that are released for publicity.

Others, Bette Davis among them, have contract clauses providing that they shall not be asked to pose for publicity pictures in bathing suits, or for any silly "gag" pictures—or, occasionally, to grant interviews on



• She insists on passing all "still" pictures released for publicity: Conscientious Jaan Crawford, shown above reading the script of her new film, "Susan and God," with her director, George Cukor.



• She won't pose for "leg" pictures—or make more than three films a year: Bette Davis, an ex-Queen Elizabeth, who greets Flora Robson, now playing the Virgin Queen in "The Sea Hawk."



Enlarged pores
can be avoided

HOW YOU CAN FORETELL THE FUTURE OF YOUR SKIN

DOES your face powder contain ingredients that swell? Just imagine what happens if it does. Sometimes tiny grains of powder get into pores—especially nose pores—which are larger than others. If these grains swell when moistened by the skin, the pores are forced open

and permanently enlarged. This can't ever happen with Coty "Air Spun" powder. "Air Spun" is guaranteed to contain no materials that swell—no orris root or artificial adhesives either.

See the latest shades: GITANE, MIBLONDE, BRUNAT, OCRE ROSE.

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GROW LASHES & BROWS
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In thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

PROVED by Thousands

No matter how scant your eyelashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe. If obtainable locally, 2/6 post free from Le Charme Dept. 18, Box 22461, G.P.O. Sydney

Le Charme
EYELASH GROWER

War brings...

Vital changes in Hollywood

STUDIOS, FORCED TO ECONOMISE, GIVE BIG ROLES TO SMALL-SALARIED PLAYERS

EVERYONE in the film colony is now vitally concerned with the international developments.

There is a radio set on every set in every studio, tuned always to receive the news broadcasts from England.

Few stars are not affected by the war in some way or other.

Many have relatives, friends or investments in Europe. Garbo has a host of relations in Sweden. Sonja Henie still does not know the fate of her lovely Oslo home or the wealth she has invested in the family fur business in Norway.

Madeline Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Anita Louise, Lili Damita and Annabella daily grow more concerned about their loved ones as the news grows more and more grave.

Madeline Carroll's mother is in France, and her fiancé, Captain del Rosiere, in the French Air Force. Claudette Colbert, who has several relatives in the French Army, has already had a cousin killed in action. Anita Louise's grandmother lives in Paris, and Lili Damita has both relations and friends on the Riviera.

Claudette Colbert recently sent £1670 to France for the purchase of two ambulances.

Just before Germany invaded Belgium, Annabella flew to Paris and brought back to Hollywood her aged mother and 14-year-old daughter.

To-day actresses like Joan Fontaine and Joan Woodbury, who are married to Englishmen, have a new clause in their contracts. They are not allowed to accompany their husbands, Britishers Brian Aherne and Henry Wilcoxon, to any belligerent countries.



THE studios, of course, are keenly feeling the effects of war. With the rich revenue of their European market shot to pieces and many thousands of dollars "frozen" in various countries for the duration, Hollywood must economise.

Quality and quantity of productions will not be impaired, but studios are watching every penny. Superfluous employees have been dismissed and players whose salary demands are comparatively low are being used where possible in films.

Girls like Rita Johnson, Wendy Barrie, Lucille Ball, young men like John Howard, Louis Hayward, Jon Hall, and Allan Jones are getting big roles that would once have been given to the highest-paid Hollywood stars.

Rita Johnson plays opposite Eddie Cantor in "Forty Little Mothers," and is Mrs. Edison in Spencer Tracy's biography, "Edison the Man."

Rita has been on the screen for four years, worked hard, and proved a competent actress, but until this year has not had one important role.

RKO has announced its intention of raising both Wendy Barrie and Lucille Ball to the status of stars.

The cultured Walter Pidgeon, who has for years played second fiddle to Clark Gable and Robert Taylor at MGM, is having the busiest time of his career.

Joel McCrea, who believed the leading role in "Virginia" was his, was quietly shelved in favor of William Holden at one-tenth McCrea's salary.

And it is the less well-known John Howard, and not costly Fred MacMurray, who is playing in "The Texas Rangers Ride Again," a sequel to MacMurray's "Texas Rangers."

Freelance stars are the hardest hit. Performers like Loretta Young, Fredric March, and Ronald Colman cannot command the salaries paid to them 12 months ago. Many of them are accepting contracts at much lower salaries than they have earned for years. But at least they are assured of constant employment.

Immediately following the outbreak of war, many people anticipated a barrage of anti-Nazi films. But President Roosevelt urged all loyal Americans to be neutral in action, and Jack Warner led the way by shelving his production of "Underground" and personally an-

From
Dorothy Ross
in
Hollywood

nouncing that he would make no picture that could offend any European belligerent.

Other studios have steered clear of any controversial subject of this kind, but as the war moves closer to America the studios are preparing to launch a number of anti-Nazi productions. Metro has already completed "Mortal Storm," a story of Nazi terror and conflicting German ideas and ideals.

Germans in Hollywood with pro-Nazi sympathies are lying low these days, especially since the row between the Baron Barnekow—Kay Francis' ex-fiance—and the strongly pro-British Countess Dorothy di Frasso. The Baron accused the Countess, a prominent Hollywood hostess, of slandering his name by calling him a Nazi spy in public.

The Countess denied she had slandered the Baron's name, and the matter was eventually settled. But the bitterness lingers on and the Baron is no longer invited to Hollywood's social gatherings.

Hollywood is lending the weight of its wealth and warmth of its charity to those institutions deserving of assistance.

Functions have been arranged for the Red Cross. A large number of donations have been received from well-known stars, and money and comforts have been sent to Finland, Norway, Belgium and Holland to help the victims of war.

At the moment I write this many British actors are still in Hollywood—for how long I can't say.

Richard Greene, Errol Flynn, Brian Aherne, and John Loder are all of service age. David Niven and Laurence Olivier alone have left for active service.



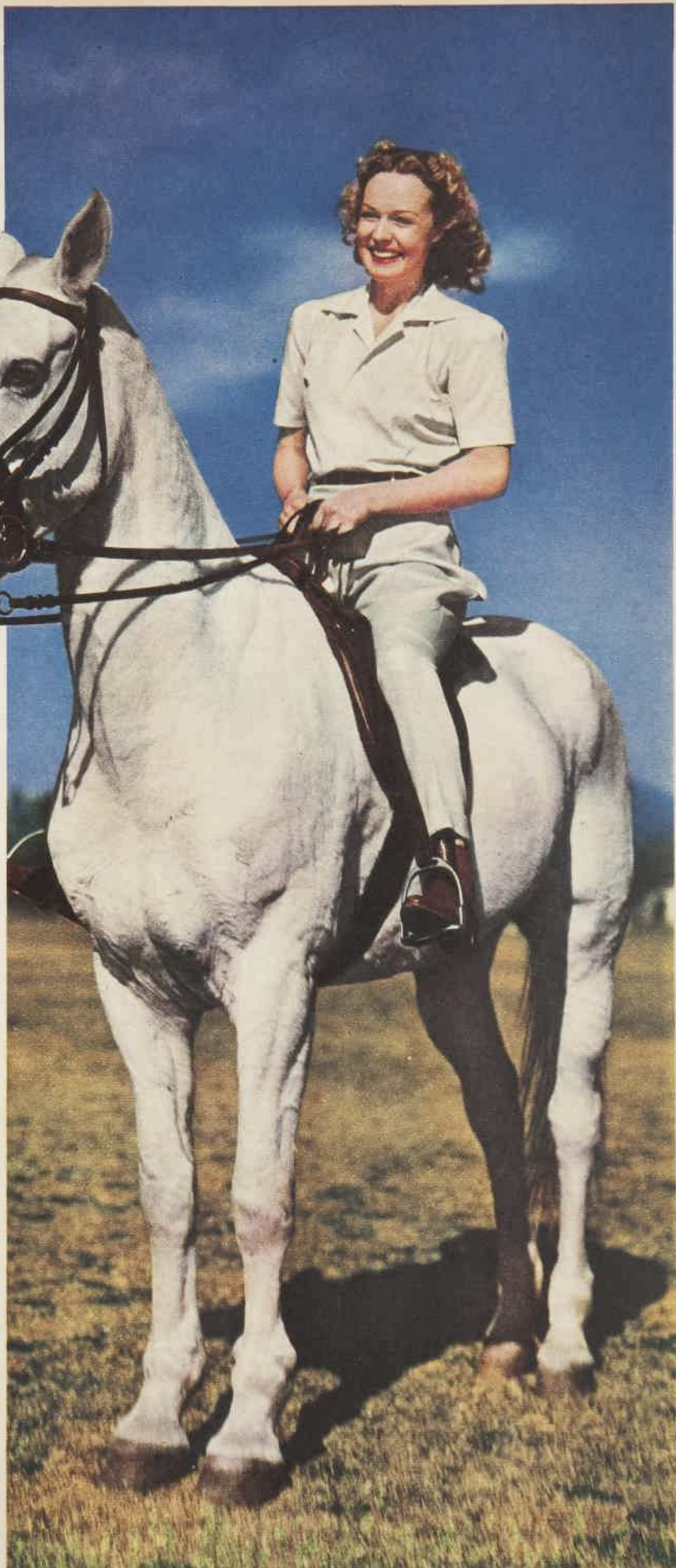
THEN there are Victor McLaglen, Ray Milland, George Brent, Cary Grant, who have their final naturalisation papers as American citizens; Ronald Colman, who is above military age, and Herbert Marshall, who still carries a legacy of the last war—a wooden leg.

Their future is uncertain.

Many of them reported to the British Consul in Los Angeles as soon as war broke out. They were then told to continue with their work, but to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency.

Alan Mowbray, who is President of the British United Service Club in Los Angeles, is now working as unofficial aide to the British Consul there. Speaking on behalf of his countrymen, he declares that most of them are ready and willing to respond to the call when it comes.

Charles Boyer, who joined the French army as a private at the outbreak of war, was in training for several months in France before being released to resume his career. He is expecting a call to return at any moment.



● Informal study of Rita Johnson, attractive MGM player, who is at last getting her screen "break." This year she has a leading role in Eddie Cantor's film, "Forty Little Mothers," and in Spencer Tracy's "Edison the Man." Her low-salaried status was responsible.



1 CAREFREE young Stephen Foster (Ameche) is dominated by his love of music.



2 COURTING Jane McDowell (Andrea Leeds) Stephen composes negro ballads.



3 DESPERATELY in love, but penniless, he sells songs to minstrel (Al Jolson).



4 BECOMING rich and famous, Stephen returns to Kentucky, persuading Jane, about to wed Southerner, to elope with him.



5 VISIT to dying negro in Jane's home inspires Stephen to write "Old Black Joe."

6 THEN, on Civil War, unable to sell Southern songs, he goes to pieces.



Fantasia

By Famous Continental Stylist

"Vivacity characterises to-day's heads—as a challenge, no doubt, to the times," says M. Stegmar, late of Maison Wielsch, premier Salon of Zurich, who has won many international awards, including the London Grand Prix, for designing coiffures to symbolise the world's fashion trend.

"My 1940 creation, FANTASIA, has a sparkling sophistication, becoming to lovely Australian women. . . ."

"But of course no stylist would attempt to create such an elaborate coiffure without first using VELMOL to make the hair soft, pliant, and wave-holding. . . . And no woman would attempt to wear it, without the aid of regular Velmol 'damp-sets' to keep each swirl perfectly and naturally in place."

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

Yes, and "damp-setting" is the secret behind those latest Hollywood hair styles you most admire, too! For a Velmol "damp-set" is so simple . . . works perfectly on any hair . . . and takes just 4 minutes!

Whether your style is a simple coiffure, or a gorgeous extravaganza—give yourself the lasting thrill of a fashionably-modeled head by using Velmol to "damp-set" it.

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)

and to keep it lustrous, silky and always "in place"!

No need for costly sets to vanish into disarray after one night's slumber . . . an hour in the wind.

No more need to crowd rebellious tresses under "invisible" nets . . . if you will just spend 2/- to-day for a bottle of Velmol at your chemist or toilet counter. Leading hair stylists use and recommend Velmol "damp-sets."

Exit . . .

ANDREA LEEDS

MUSICAL, "SWANEE RIVER," IS THIS BRIDE'S LAST FILM

From John B. Davies, in New York

IN Twentieth Century-Fox's "Swanee River," lovely, brunette Andrea Leeds gives her farewell performance.

Andrea announced her engagement to millionaire Bob Howard during the production of this film. They were quietly married upon its completion. Andrea has since retired from the screen in favor of domestic and widely duties.

"Swanee River," in which Andrea shares the romantic interest with Don Ameche, is a biography of Stephen Foster, 19th century American musician, who composed such darkie classics as "Old Black Joe," "The Old Folks at Home," and "O, Susannah."

Ameche, who is an accomplished musician, has this role.

The part of E. P. Christie, the man who made famous the black-faced American minstrels, is taken by today's foremost blackface artist, Al Jolson.

Follows history

IN the film, which follows history closely, Jolson, Ameche, and the Hall-Johnson choir share the beloved old tunes.

Since they finished work on "Swanee River," Jolson and Ameche have figured prominently in the news.

Last December Ruby Keeler was granted a divorce from Jolson.

They have, however, been seen together a good deal lately, and by the time you read this they may be reconciled.

But Ameche is faced with a \$34,000 damage suit brought by Paramount Studio as a result of his refusal to play in the film "The Night of January 16." He did not care for the story.

The studio claims that with his withdrawal the script had to be rewritten. The resulting delay forced Ameche's co-star, Barbara Stanwyck, out of the cast, as she had other commitments.

Careful spending's the rule of the day—
Essential our leaders all say.
So cheer, girls, for Kayser,
The silken amaser,
And eKonomy spell with a K.



I INSIST ON

For "Work-a-day" stockings with a "Sunday-go-meeting" look,—insist on KAYSER! Deceptive? . . . Yes, because they look so luxurious, and yet wear so well! . . . Economical too, because only such Quality Hosiery can give such long service! The new Kayser Compass Colours will take your breath away.

★ SEE KAYSER'S NEW 101X "TWIN SYLK" SERVICE WEIGHT at 4/11
The pure silk cleverly reinforced with rayon ECONOMY STOCKING.
Beautiful pure silk sheers and Super sheers from 5/11 to 9/11

BECAUSE KAYSER SPELLS ECONOMY

THE HOMEMAKER

July 13, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



ENEMIES of BEAUTY

WATCH your nerves, your health, and your diet, as well as your make-up and clothes if you want to keep your good looks . . . and if you want to keep young as long as possible . . . Plan a common-sense routine to combat strain and learn to develop tranquillity.

By JANETTE

NERVE strain is the great enemy of beauty. You just can't keep your looks, your pulse or your health if you let your nerves go to pieces.

Yet it's so easy to get "nervy" these days, if you let yourself worry about the present state of the world, over your loved ones, over the future.

It won't do! Try to develop a tranquillity. Anxiety and worry over things never did any good and never will. It's the calm, tranquil person whose nerves are under control who is the best in any crisis.

In addition to mental tranquillity, watch your food and have adequate rest.

Don't neglect your daily bath. It's good for your skin — keeps it functioning properly and clears your complexion. It's good for your nerves, too, having a tonic effect generally.

Drink some milk every day. Two glasses (one pint) is not too much. It's excellent for the nerves and, in addition,

has the effect of making the other foods you eat do you more good.

Milk is rich in vital mineral salts, vitamins, protein and carbohydrates—practically a complete food. It helps also to make up any food deficiencies you may have been unable to avoid—a rushed skimpy lunch, here and there, or an inadequate breakfast.

If insomnia is your trouble, a glass of warm milk before you go to bed will make you sleepy and calm your nerves.

See, too, if possible, that you include for your health's sake some green leafy vegetables, both raw and cooked. You could have the raw in salad form for lunch and the cooked variety with your dinner at night.

Doctors say that these two foods, milk and leafy vegetables, are an essential daily addition to other foods, in order to preserve health and maintain youthful characteristics. Absence of these foods, they claim, leads to nervousness and a tendency to age quicker.

See that you get some fresh air and exercise every day, even if the latter is only walking.

Learn to breathe deeply always in addition to doing a few deep breathing exercises when you get up in the morning and before you go to bed at night.

SHE is lovely and she is wise. She guards her good looks and her health by taking every day two glasses of milk—sipped very slowly, so that it will digest perfectly.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

NOW and then the wood surface of furniture should be cleaned by rubbing with a furniture cleaner or by washing. To wash, wring a soft cloth tightly from soapsuds and rub it over the furniture. Do a small area at a time, with the grain of the wood. Then rub briskly at once with a clean, dry cloth. When the surface is dry, it will brighten the lustre if you rub evenly and sparingly with furniture polish or wax. Dry and polish.

TO prevent kinking in cotton thread a needle from the spool end of silk or cotton thread.

WHEN cooking asparagus, some good cooks tie the stalks in a bunch and stand it upright in the saucepan for a few minutes so the boiling water can cook the firm ends of the stalks. They are then laid flat for ten minutes so the tips can cook.

YOUR FACE POWDER MADE TO ORDER



Pond's asked thousands of women what qualities they wanted in their face powder, and this is what they said. 1. Give us the finest, softest texture it's possible to make. 2. Make it really cling for hours and hours. 3. Keep it glareproof, so that it's always flattering—in bright sun-

light or under dazzling electric lights. 4. Give us a wide choice of skin tones. Now, here is Pond's new improved face powder . . . with not one or two, but all of these qualities women have requested! Just try it yourself, and you'll see. Six smart shades, 1/8 and 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists.

POND'S NEW IMPROVED FACE POWDER . . .
MADE TO YOUR OWN SPECIAL REQUESTS!



2. "Look!" she said, pulling a box out of her bureau. "I'll cut a Modess pad and show you why it's softer! See? It has a fluff filler—very different from layer-type fillers! And Modess stays softer because 'Safety Zoning' acts for your safety and comfort, keeping comfortable longer than ever before!"

Try it now!

1. I'm as unlucky as ten black cats! Here I'm supposed to go sailing in Jim's new boat, and it turns out to be one of my "difficult days"! "Golly—" I wailed to Jean. "I'm so chafed I can't possibly go!" "Slowpoke!" Jean just laughed. "Don't you know about Miracle Modess with 'Safety Zoning'?"



3. Say, I was tickled to pieces! I went sailing with never a moment's discomfort. No worrying about accidents, either, because Jean told me Modess has a resistant backing to guard against striking through. You can bet I'm thankful for Miracle Modess! And the best part is, it costs no more!

ask for

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

1 1/2

BOX OF 12

BUY NOW

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



EXQUISITE DRESSING-GOWN knitted in lacy design in 2-ply Sun-Glo shrinkproof wool. Instructions for knitting this gown originally appeared in *The Australian Women's Weekly* in 1936. Since then so many readers have asked for instructions to be repeated that they are now made available in leaflet form. See details at top of page.

ENCHANTINGLY LOVELY . . . THIS LACE-PATTERNED

Pink Dressing-Gown

IT'S a simple-to-knit design carried out in an airy-light lacy pattern with Sun-Glo 2-ply shrinkproof wool of a glorious pink. It is trimmed with matching swansdown and lined with georgette. See picture at left.

This dressing-gown, together with instructions for knitting, appeared in *The Australian Women's Weekly* in May, 1936, and its popularity was amazing.

Ever since that date—four years ago—readers who were unable to obtain copies of the paper at that time have clamored for the knitting instructions to be repeated.

So pressing have been the requests that we have now made the instructions available in leaflet form.

Any reader desiring these instructions may obtain a copy free simply by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope: "Dressing-gown."

[WHAT MY PATIENTS
ASK ME . . . By A Doctor]

IMMUNISATION

. . . Why it is a safeguard

PATIENT: Doctor, my little boy brought home a note from school yesterday asking if he had been immunised against diphtheria. Do you think immunisation is necessary?

DOCTOR: Many mothers come to me in a quandary like this, for the question of the value of immunisation is constantly cropping up.

Although we seldom read now about diphtheria epidemics killing large numbers of children, the death-roll is still larger than it should be, and the disease claims victims each year.

When you realise that diphtheria is a preventable disease and that this death-roll represents the number of children who died needlessly, you will realise the importance of immunisation.

For only immunisation can prevent diphtheria from taking its toll of children's lives.

Once diphtheria was the scourge of childhood and dreaded by all parents and doctors, who were helpless in the face of it.

It is a severe disease and very "catching." It may be contracted directly by coughing or sneezing, the germs being transmitted thus from one patient to another.

It may be contracted indirectly by handling articles which have been contaminated by a sick person.

It is also possible to be exposed to the disease without knowing it, because there are people in the community known as "carriers."

Diphtheria germs enter the body through the mouth or nose and at-

tack the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. Here they multiply and produce a poison which rapidly spreads throughout the system and, if unchecked, may cause lasting injury or even death.

Diphtheria is often mistaken in its early stages for tonsillitis or common sore throat, so it is wise not to neglect sore throat in a child.

In the case of diphtheria prompt action is necessary. The poisons from diphtheria, if they do not kill, may permanently affect the heart.

The dangerous years as far as diphtheria is concerned are from six months to five years of age. Children over this age and adults may contract the disease, but young children are most susceptible.

Defensive action

WHEN diphtheria or any other germs enter the system the body cells rapidly develop certain protective substances, called antibodies, as a defensive reaction against disease.

These antibodies may well be compared with a standing army which wages war on the invading army of infections, and without them even the lightest attack by disease-producing bacteria would meet with no resistance.

When, however, these antibodies mobilise in sufficient numbers the illness is thrown off and health regained.

It is now possible, with the aid of anatoxin, to prevent diphtheria almost completely by a course of injections into a healthy child.

The purpose of these injections is to stimulate the child's defensive mechanism so that it produces antibodies in increasing quantities and thus the child is rendered immune to any diphtheria germs with which he may come in contact. This preventive treatment is harmless, and rarely has any unpleasant effects in young children.

Antitoxin can be given once diphtheria has been suspected. This serum counteracts the poison, but to be effective it must be given early, and each day's delay increases the danger to the child's life.

Unfortunately, diphtheria is what is called a "silent" disease. It infects stealthily like a "fifth column," and early treatment is therefore often delayed.

It might be said that immunisation is unnecessary because it attempts to safeguard a child from a disease which he may be in no danger of contracting.

But very few children are not susceptible to diphtheria.

Those that are can readily be discovered by means of the Schick test. By this method a small amount of very dilute diphtheria toxin is injected between the layers of a child's skin.

Any redness around the spot shows that the child is susceptible and that immunisation is necessary. As most children are susceptible, the Schick test is now always used before immunisation.

If all children were immunised at an early age, diphtheria would be a disease of the past.

The best time to have your child immunised is on his first birthday.



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN MARY

HIGH-GLOSS
your hair to make
it gleaming
and glamorous

Fashionable London says: "High-gloss your hair—to high-light your lovely hair style."

High-gloss your hair—give it a regular dressing with Atkinson's Liquid Brilliantine. Atkinson's, prepared from the finest, purest light oils, is non-sticky, non-greasy—gives the bright, natural-looking shine of youth and health.

Rub a little between your hands and pat it liberally over your hair. A gleaming, glorious luster comes up as you brush!

Californian Poppy
English Lavender
White Rose and
Unscented

THE WORLD'S FINEST
QUALITY HIGH-GLOSS
BRILLIANTINE

1/6



Atkinson's **BRILLIANTINE**
Californian Poppy

32.42.20

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

When food upsets baby

IT is quite commonly thought that a healthy baby has to do a certain amount of vomiting, and therefore many mothers resign themselves to the fact that their babies' clothes are often soiled and have a sour odor.

This condition is very distressing to the mother who loves everything about her baby to be dainty and sweet.

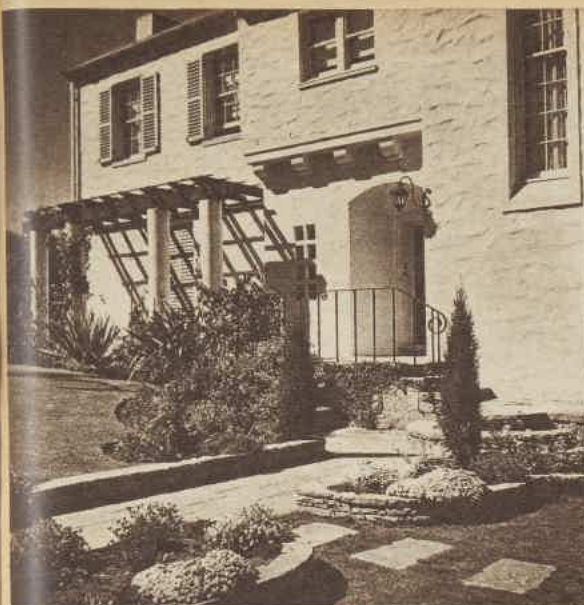
Quite often the causes of vomiting are simple and are easy to prevent or to cure, although some forms of vomiting are very difficult to treat when there are physical reasons for them, or when vomiting has been allowed to become a habit.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

THAT FRIENDLY APPROACH

HERE are two examples of outside charm. These picturesque exteriors have a happy informality about them and an atmosphere of good taste that immediately give the homes character. You feel they would be just as charming inside and full of welcome and homely comfort. Does your home express this feeling, too?



HERE EXTERIOR ARCHITECTURE and garden combine most harmoniously. The light cream cement-rendered walls and informal touches in the wrought-ironwork, shutters on the windows, and arrangement of garden beds all contribute to the general effect of friendly charm.



THIS PICTURESQUE EXTERIOR is suggestive of Old English architecture, with its brown woodwork finish to the cream walls. Informal garden beds, climbing roses and creepers, shrubbery, trees, and complete lack of any stiffness all help to give a happy appearance to the home.

The joyous smile of YOUR GARDEN

● Does your garden frown frigidly or smile at you friendly-like when you walk in your front gate? Does it invite your friends to come inside or scowl and bid them go?

—Asks OUR HOME GARDENER.

IN my travels I have seen gardens that shout a welcome, and others so forbidding that I have shuddered and hastened quickly by.

I have seen stately homes with gardens so stiff and frigid that not even a child would venture through the gates, and humble cottage gardens that positively laughed and grabbed you by the hand.

And that's the sort of home gardens I want to see in Australia—friendly, genial, inviting and beautiful.

After all a garden is an extra outdoor room of the house, and if it is stiff and formal, dark, dingy and frowning, it will scare people away.

I like the open, sunny, non-secretive type of garden, not the dank, damp, mossy, "keep out" kind of home that is hidden behind dense shrubberies or bush.

Such homes suggest unhappiness,

and I long to rename them "Bleak House" or something equally mid-Victorian and repelling.

Look at the picture of the Spanish two-story home above, which our Home Decorator shows you to-day to illustrate exterior charm.

Here is a simple plan for a front garden, yet every line of that little garden smiles.

Its complete simplicity, its open-hearted, "come in and stay awhile" kind of invitation will appeal to the man or woman who cannot spend a lot of time with the hoe and rake.

Low-growing plants, such as alyssums, candytuft, globe amaranth, gazanias, trailing mesembryanthemums, and similar bright-flowering species have been used to avoid breaking the line between the gate and the porch.

Later those two thuyas, which stand on each side of the steps, will reach statuesque proportions, adding character to the home and breaking up the plainness of the walls.

That pergola over the front windows will carry a rose that will shed color and fragrance, without littering up the clean walls as the rubbishy ficus and similar climbers would do.

And I like that rounded bottom step; it gives greater freedom and wider access to the steps themselves, instead of crowding one against the wall, as most step entrances do.

Friendly touches

IN every line of that little front garden there is a friendly touch. Even the crazy footpath across the lawn seems to say, "Trip along, this goes somewhere," and you simply have to follow.

And I liked the rounded flower beds. No straight lines, nothing formal in those beds. That gardener knew the value of natural contours in the beds, even if the architect did make the front footpath straight, but we forgive him that little slip because of his subsequent treatment of the steps and curved rockeries.

Recently I have visited many beautiful gardens, some of them costing thousands of pounds to lay out, and others merely the work of poor men and women, whose labor has mostly been that of love.

And I made it my business to look at the people who owned the gardens, and in some cases I found that they just spent the money for show. They did not appreciate the beautiful plants and trees around them.

I complimented one man on his marvellous azaleas, and was surprised to find that he did not know what they were. "I must see them some time," he said languidly, and I knew I had wasted my time.

At another home the wife of a near millionaire is chief gardener.

She has "green" fingers and loves every line of her beautiful garden.

Every little while a card arrives at my office telling me that "the cinerarias or the daffodils are at their best. Do come and see them!" And who could refuse?



Eating
Smoking
Swimming
Kissing

POND'S INDELIBLE LIPSTICK REALLY

Stay on!

Now Pond's bring you a really indelible lipstick that stays on . . . if you eat, smoke, swim or kiss. Pond's Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It has a satiny smooth yet firm texture. And Pond's lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright

daylight or under the glare of electric lights. For alluring lips day and night use Pond's Indelible Lipstick. 6 smart shades to choose from. Only 2/- and 1/- at all stores and chemists.



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Shines like NEW! Wears like IRON!

Get your new linoleum out of a tin. Solpah's glossy finish is easy to clean—scrub-proof! It's the same Solpah Paving Paint you see wearing like iron on garden paths and steps. Fifteen lovely colors—so that you can match the color scheme of any room.

Every shop that sells paint sells Taubmans Solpah

FREE TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W. Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home," together with your new book All About Kitchens. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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